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LIST OF ILLUSTRATED FEATURES

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1. The Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley.
2. Countess Annesley's Elkhounds at The Oak Cottage, Slangham Common, Handcross, Sussex.
3. Lady Maurice FitzGerald's Farm at Johnstown Castle, Wexford.
4. Women's Colleges in War-time. II.
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E. O. HOPPÉ.

THE COUNTESS NADA TORBY.

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COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES:—20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: The Countess Nada Torby	381, 382
An Organised Empire. (Leader)	382
Country Notes	383
Elsewhere, by G. M. Jeudwine	383
Where Dead Youth Lies Dreaming, by F. Tennyson Jesse	384
English Public Schools. VII.—Marlborough. (Illustrated)	385
A Charming Russian Book, by Stephen Graham	388
Popular North Country Terriers, by A. Croxton Smith. (Illustrated)	389
The Diaries of Leo Tolstoy, by C. Hagberg Wright, LL.D. (Illustrated)	392
Donna Innominata, by Angela Gordon	393
Country Home: Marble Hill, Twickenham, by Arthur T. Bolton. (Illustrated)	394
The A.O.D.—I.	400
The Home Dwellers—II, by Christopher Holdenby	401
What Shropshire has Done for the War—III, by George Bigwood. (Illustrated)	402
Literature	404
From Memory's Shrine, by "Carmen Sylva" (Translated by Edith Hopkirk); Literary Notes.	
Correspondence	406
Our 1000th Number (Sir Whitworth Wallis and John W. Simpson), F.R.I.B.A.; Which has Been Our Best Nature Picture? (F. Heatherley and Bentley Beetham); "Siles" and "Ladders"; Simnel Cakes (Thos. Ratcliffe); Pheasants Taming Themselves; War on Vermin (Frank Wearne); Letters from a Forward Observing Officer; My Tame Owl; What Surrey has Done for the War (Richard M. Hampdon Turner); What South Wales has Done for the War; Draught Oxen in the Campagna; Curious Inn Signs (L. W. Crouch); A Decoy for Wood Pigeons (G. Chaloner).	
Cottages at Fabianki, near Wloclawek, Poland, by Lawrence Weaver. (Illustrated)	2*
Venice	4*
Spring Preparation for Winter Eggs	6*
Racing Notes	8*
The Devon Packhorse. (Illustrated)	8*
Ponies or Horses?	10*
The Automobile World. (Illustrated)	12*
Some Suggestions for Decorating and Furnishing. (Illustrated)	16*
Modes and Moods. (Illustrated)	18*
For Town and Country	22*

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AN ORGANISED EMPIRE

"THERE is an idea of Britain as an organised nation, and the British Empire as an organised Empire—organised for trade, for industry, for economic justice, for national defence, for the preservation of the world's peace, for the protection of the weak against the strong." In these words Mr. W. H. Hughes developed before the Imperial Chamber of Commerce his view of the policy to be followed after the war. No wiser counsel has been heard this many a day. It dwarfs into significance the well meant but petty and semi-philanthropic schemes for providing returned soldiers with work. It carries with it the grand corollary that able-bodied men must form the most valuable asset any nation can possess when the strife is ended. On them we must rely for the creation of that wealth which will be required to make good what has been consumed at the cannon's mouth. Our home-keeping politicians have been thinking out the situation in a narrow

parochial spirit. Their plans are founded on the requirements disclosed after the Army's return from South Africa. They do not truly realise the difference. True, any one of them could at a moment's notice mount a platform and discourse glibly and plausibly on the difference; but set them to prepare for the new conditions, and they will produce a mere counterpart of some scheme that had been contemplated before the cataclysm, even assuming that they will only need to ask and they will receive substantial financial assistance from the Government. Financial assistance and the immense credit of Britain stretched to the breaking point! Financial assistance and unprecedented taxation inevitable? The political journalists are many degrees worse than the politicians. They are in no wise able to clear their minds of pre-war catch words. From their comments it is evident that they study speech-making for phrases with which to bolster up party politics. The Prime Minister of Australia is almost alone in recognising that this war ends a chapter in British history. He would turn the page definitely and go on with the new one, carrying forward only the lesson taught by gun and bayonet.

It is the only really hopeful mode of procedure. The war must have cured the hardest case of British self-complacency. Whatever may have been his other deficiencies, John Bull has come to regard himself as an unequalled colonist, and has been in the habit of drawing a flattering comparison between himself and Teutonic Fritz in this respect. Some of his merits are very willingly conceded. Wherever he has gone he has carried with him a spirit of independence and friendliness. It has been his boast that under his rule the nation and the individual have been allowed to follow their own way to salvation—or the opposite goal. But Mr. Hughes with cruel candour reminds him that this is not enough. Instead of asking why, consider what Germany would have made of this vast Empire if she had been in our place. How she would have developed and organised it! Half way up a hill there is sometimes provided a seat with the legend "Rest and be thankful" inscribed thereon. John Bull climbed manfully so far, but at the genial invitation rested so long that before the war he was beginning to nod. It was as though he could not mount higher without disengaging himself of a burden which might be inscribed *laissez faire!* To abandon the metaphor, it has not been the British custom to study the undeveloped resources of our own or any other country, far less to make definite plans for rendering them available. What we mean will be understood by considering the German colonisation of Kiao-chow. There is no need to discourse on her method of snatching it from China, but having obtained possession, rightly or wrongly, the acquisition was studied first and foremost in regard to its potentiality as a *place d'armée* than for what it could be made to yield itself and what trade could be attracted from it and its hinterland. Money was freely spent in order to realise from these sources whatever was possible. The Germans regard this as a model essay in colonisation, and their Japanese successors are well content to admit the claim.

Without any infringement of these principles of Government for which Great Britain is justly renowned it is possible, argues Mr. Hughes, to organise and develop the whole of the Empire—the Mother Country included—with German system and thoroughness. Were that done it would be impossible for the strongest Power to challenge our supremacy with any hope of success, and the advice of our mentor is that we should lay aside our party war cries and shibboleths and concentrate on the attainment of this end. Many traditions and not a few doctrines of political economy may have to be shed, but "if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee." Mr. Hughes may experience difficulty in impressing the present political leaders with this creed, but its truth will be self-evident to those young citizens who have been hastened into maturity by the resonant thunder of guns that were meant to shake the very foundations of Britain and the British Empire.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of the Countess Nada Torby, younger daughter of H.I.H. the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and Countess Torby.

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COUNTRY



• NOTES •

IT is very necessary that there should be a clear understanding of what is meant by a phrase of Mr. Hughes, which is the subject of our Leader this week, "An Organised Empire." Our own special interest is to know how this applies to the land. At present, it must be admitted, there is a complete lack of organisation in the system. Nowhere is the go-as-you-please order more apparent than in the management of land. In the Colonies, particularly in Australia, the settlement is a very thin one indeed, and the population has by no means been brought within sight of a moderate standard. Therefore, the first business in Australasia is to organise the settlement of the land. It is not by any means a simple problem, but if any man can achieve it, it is the Prime Minister of Australia, because there is no one who understands labour better, and the jealousy of the Australian Labour Party is a very great, probably the greatest, obstacle to a closer land settlement. Mr. Hughes spoke confidently of the growth of population, but this can only result from a satisfactory and complete solution of the land problem. In Canada the filling up process has gone on much more quickly, and yet it is hardly as satisfactory as it might be. Such organisation as there has been has come as much from the Canadian Pacific Railway as from the Government.

IN Great Britain the object that should be clearly and forcibly placed before the country is the permanent increase of our home food supply. We have had a grim illustration of its importance that it would be madness to ignore. The two methods of increasing crops are by this time perfectly well known. One is the substitution of an intensive for the extensive system of husbandry now widely prevalent, the other the bringing into cultivation of every available acre for agriculture where agricultural crops will grow, and for trees where the land is adapted for forestry. For many a long day prophets have been but as voices crying in the wilderness when they issued warnings that a wood famine was approaching; but it had come visibly nearer long before the declaration of war. It was, indeed, largely accountable for the extraordinary rise in the price of building material which appeared to set a limit to the construction of new houses. Now it is already dawning upon thinking minds that a question of such magnitude as the food supply of the nation cannot be left entirely to the whims and fancies of the individual. Means will have to be adopted for bringing about the increase of food with the certainty of mechanics. Methods want thinking out, and it would be premature to say this or that should be done; but a very great deal will have been gained if the country is brought to see with the utmost clearness the objects at which it must aim.

MOST important of all will be the readjustment and organisation of industrialism. Every country that has been at war has come into the possession of more machinery than it ever possessed before and of a new army of skilled workers. Great Britain most of all. Under the old and vicious habit of letting things drift, the munition shops, or at any rate a considerable proportion of them, would have

been allowed to go to decay as soon as the immediate purpose for which they were erected was gained; but organisation should be able to make full use of this capital for the purpose of meeting the requirements of peace. That these will be enlarged admits of no doubt. Every belligerent country will have to start afresh with a new burden of debt on its shoulders, but those that have any vitality left will feel this chiefly as a stimulus to greater activity. If we talk in the largest terms of developing English agriculture we are still speaking of a very small matter as compared with the magnitude, say, of developing the same industry in Russia, where there are a hundred acres of good land badly cultivated, or not cultivated at all, to every neglected patch of heath in this country. The great task of discovering the food value of these tracts will bring into existence myriads of workers who will feed the industrial ranks, while the latter will be kept busy making goods for them. Mr. Hughes then has drawn back the curtain so as to give us a peep of that land of promise which will lie ahead when the present trouble is over.

IN this reorganised Empire—and Empire is too limited an expression, because the organisation will, we hope, extend to the Allies at whose side we have fought this great fight—in all the countries, therefore, it will be true that the most valuable asset must be men. No experience of the past gives any clue to the situation that will arise, because never in the history of the modern world has there been a conflict comparable to that which we are going through now. Therefore, it is not by drawing precedents, but by using common-sense for the purpose of defining and understanding the situation that is only beginning to shape itself that a policy can be formulated. And it need not be expected that all those who have been following beaten tracks during the previous portion of their lives will be able to adjust themselves to a new marching order. A great many must inevitably fall out. Anybody who has been at all connected with affairs during the progress of the war is aware of the difficulty there has been in getting men to think in the new terms. They are almost without exception prone to fall back on the lines to which they were accustomed in the old days. It will be for the strenuous, eager souls who see the light to take the lead and carry along with them those who are prepared to follow. Changes lie ahead which cannot be accomplished without friction and the danger of fracture, so that there will be a new call on statesmanship and leadership. But among many woes, war has at least one merit, that of developing to the utmost the capacity of those who pass through it.

ELSEWHERE.

In the soundless, trackless deeps of space
Who will be our neighbours?
None has fame and none disgrace
There, I think, none labours.
Blood and passion no more those ways deface.

There none envies them who nothing own;
Those who slew—who bartered
Treasure now so futile shown—
To those realms unchartered
Go, by urging of gravities unknown.

All the moods and anguishes in throngs
Which the pale called living
Prisons, with its boons and wrongs,
Giving and forgiving,
Will seem chaos of dreams or long hushed songs.

There our schemes must float like banners rent,
But our dead who waved them
For us, who, though maimed and spent,
In their life-blood laved them—
Their souls' pennons enrich the firmament.

G. M. JEUDWINE.

WE are informed that the Government is taking very serious measures for the purpose of co-ordinating and organising agriculture in this country so as to increase to the utmost available extent the production of food. According to our informant, a committee has been appointed to go into every aspect of the question fully and promptly. It will consider very carefully the work of the Board of Agriculture itself and take any other step that may be

found necessary to bring the production of food up to the level that is required under the very exceptional circumstances in which we are living. It is well understood that the farmer is labouring under difficulties that are almost irremovable, but it is also felt that the production of food is of such supreme importance that it must be pushed on by all available measures. Not only so, but the tendency in the past has been to go about work like this in a particularly slow and methodical manner. Now, however, the seeding season is actually upon us and is, in fact, being delayed by the inclemency of the weather, so that anything which is done, to be effective, must be taken in hand at once. The time for discussion is past. What is wanted now is practical methods and definite results.

IF the example of Portugal is followed by the South American

Republics, where a large number of German ships are, it is practically certain that a very considerable drop in the price of wheat must be the consequence. The mere fact that Portugal has been able to make this considerable addition to her shipping very considerably affected the price last week when wheat declined 5s. a quarter at Nottingham, Cambridge and the Isle of Wight, 6s. at Canterbury, and 2s. at Northampton. There is plenty of wheat in the world, and, if the shipping difficulty can be overcome, the price may be expected to drop to something between 45s. and 50s.; lower than that it is not likely to fall, because of the heavy charges for freight, which will not be lowered as long as there is danger from submarines.

A SITUATION of immense gravity is springing up on the land owing to the inclement character of the weather. Under any circumstances it would have proved a severe handicap, but this year with his restricted labour the farmer's main hope of getting through was to keep on daily taking advantage of every fine moment. As it happens the oldest farmer never experienced such a wet March as we are having. When he says "wettest" he does not mean that the rainfall is the heaviest on record, but that the land is so water-logged that it is impossible to get on to it in those clay soils which greatly preponderate in Great Britain. The water does not seem to get away. Lanes have been turned into elongated lakes; the wheatfield is corrugated with ditches and pools, and nothing is more injurious to the young wheat plants than too much water; and the meadows are like so many sponges. Thus he has very little labour and what he has is practically idle.

IT is not difficult to foresee the result. In our capricious climate sunshine eventually follows the rain, and the farmer's chance is in rushing a number of people on the land and doing in a fortnight the work that would ordinarily have been spread over several weeks. How is he going to get over the difficulty this year? Lady Chance has put forward a suggestion that might perhaps help him. For very proper assumption is that in miscellaneous kinds of employment there are still a considerable number of able-bodied who, on account of age or some other reason, are unfit for military service. They are fit to do this work, and it is generally conceded that women are not. The latter will get on very well when it comes to hoeing, weeding, harvesting, and so on; but for the drudgery of the farm men are required. The suggestion made by Lady Chance is that women should, as far as possible, replace men at the lighter tasks of shop and factory. In country houses there are still footmen, grooms and other male servants who could be spared and their place filled by women. In fact, there is very wide scope for the adoption of the hint thrown out by Lady Chance and we hope it will be acted on.

IN the person of Mr. Stopford Brooke there has passed away a literary figure which can ill be spared. Mr. Stopford Brooke's faults lay on the surface, and fastidious and superfine critics were accustomed to turn up their noses at him; but he had at least one gift for which he deserved gratitude. This was clearness and simplicity of exposition. He wrote in an interesting manner upon the most difficult authors, even upon Robert Browning. There was no difficulty at any time in grasping his meaning, and if at times this was not very profound, it seldom failed at any rate to awaken an interest which led the reader into wider investigation. Mr. Stopford Brooke in early days was an English Church clergyman, but keeping company, as he did, with the great thinkers of the nineteenth century, his religious convictions became ever more attenuated with the advance of years, and it was no surprise when he left the Church of England and became a Unitarian.

OUR thousandth number has brought us an amount of correspondence which at any rate proves the kindness and indulgence of the friends of COUNTRY LIFE. From the reader's point of view perhaps the most interesting letter was that which appeared in last week's number from Mr. Rudd, suggesting that a little competition should be instituted for the purpose of ascertaining which among the many beautiful pictures we have published is the most beautiful. One foresees that there would be a great pleasure in reproducing a few of the very best, and we fancy that this opinion will be shared by our readers. Nor would it be very difficult for them to carry out the idea. As one of our correspondents, Mr. Bentley Beetham, says: "The idea would have the advantage of providing delightful hours of recreation for those who took part and were keen enough to turn up their back numbers and so enjoy afresh the wealth of pictures they contain. It would serve another purpose. Too often, yet quite naturally, a weekly periodical is scrapped as soon as its hebdomadal successor arrives, but surely the illustrations in COUNTRY LIFE should be saved from such a fate—there is more of life and of Nature in a year's pictures from its pages than in many a half dozen Natural History books taken down and *dusted* from the library shelves! And this fact would be borne in upon anyone who tried to make his selection." Several other correspondents have given practical proof of their interest by selecting the natural history picture that they think the best; so in due time we shall be able to publish a selection with the letters by which they were accompanied

WHERE DEAD YOUTH LIES DREAMING.

Down in the west my dead youth lies dreaming,
There where I left it when I came to town.
Dead youth, lie still where I'll always find you
There in the west, where the soft rains come down.

Now, when I go there and walk the moors again,
Lay cheek against rough granite or limbs in the heather
My dead youth is more living than the deadening present
And I walk with it again in the soft grey weather.

F. TENNYSON JESSE.

A VERY reasonable plea has been set forth by a Hungarian in the interests of interned Hungarians. His point is that where Hungarian and German prisoners occupy the same camps, companies and huts, the latter, being in the majority, make the lives of the Hungarians miserable. He quotes a letter in which it is stated that "The Hungarians and the Germans are quarrelling every day, for the Germans do not want to speak English and many of the Hungarians do not know German at all." And this is only one of the many causes of difference between them. The practical remedy is to place men of different nationalities in different camps. For, although they may be nominally allies, they are enemies at heart. Hungarians treat the small number of Englishmen whom they have found it necessary to intern extremely well. On a recent occasion when they were visited by a neutral, they had to be summoned from Vienna, where they were attending the races.

IN view of the restrictions imposed by the Government on the importation of paper and paper making materials and the consequent shortage of supplies, readers who wish to make sure of obtaining "Country Life" would greatly oblige by placing a firm order for the paper with their newsagent or bookstall clerk. Owing to the scarcity of paper it will be impossible in the future to provide for ordinary chance sales of the paper. Readers who are interested in "Country Life" would be doing the paper a considerable service in ordering their copies from their own newsagent or bookstall clerk, or direct from the offices of the paper.

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ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS

VII.—MARLBOROUGH

[Marlborough College is passing through something of a transition stage at the present moment, in that it has just lost its "Master," Canon St. J. Basil Wynne Willson, who has been appointed Dean of Bristol. When the war was thrust upon England, Marlborough College, like most Public Schools, found itself in a most difficult position. Its O.T.C. has always been a virile institution, a model of its kind, and the call to active service robbed the College of its natural boy leaders. It is a striking tribute to the magnetic character and executive skill of Canon Wynne Willson and his assistants, that after so severe a test Marlborough College stands to-day at the zenith of its fame as a maker of the youth of governing England.—Ed.]

I HAVE been asked to write an article on Marlborough. I can but touch wood and try. The school's ancient history may be told in a few words. The Queen Anne mansion by the Kennet (the sun and centre of the college) with its mound and wilderness, its yew trees and prim, terraced garden, where Watts wrote hymns and Thompson seasons, was, for some 200 years, the home of the Seymours. Well do I remember the peacocks that strutted up and down the terrace by day, and at night were pelted with soap by indignant dormitories. Tough old birds they were. I know, for I tasted them. They were slain and served up at Common Room dinner in the early eighties.

After the Seymours' day the mansion became an inn—the famous Castle Inn of coaching days. Here the Great Commoner broke his journey from Bath, calling at unseasonable hours for breast of roasted chicken. Is it not written in the book of Stanley Weyman! In the year 1843 the inn was turned into a school, and some 200 boys from anywhere were suddenly dumped down upon the premises. The first Master (not headmaster, please), Mr. Wilkinson, had, like King Charles, a rebellion to face (read the first chapter of Sir Evelyn Wood's "From Midshipman to Field Marshal" for a pre-midshipmite recollection of the facts), and a queer, undisciplined lot of lads to deal with,

When Tree-men scoured the forest lawns,
Rough as the native Nymphs and Fauns.

To him succeeded in their turn Messrs. Cotton, Bradley, Farrar, Bell, Fletcher and the present Master, the Rev. St. J. B. Wynne Willson.

Wrench one away—another you behold
In the old place, and with the glint of gold.

So much for the beginnings of Marlborough College, which, with the exception of its prehistoric mound (where the Bursar's recent excavations in the wilderness have revealed Norman foundations and a Norman cooking pot), does not, like some of our English schools run back into a remote antiquity, and, perhaps, is none the worse for that.

Long lines of ancestors, blue blood, and all
We did not make ourselves, scarce ours I call.

Yet No! Ulysses, like the member for Buncombe, was here talking to his constituents, and soon runs his own line back to a brace of gods. The silent beauty that breathes from the grey stones of Winchester and Eton slides into the soul and becomes a part of our very self. It is our own, if we be but worthy. And the blue blood of valiant ancestors, running in healthy, modern veins, is always to the good. Happily Marlborough has her own simple beauty, beauty that would not only have charmed the grand old gardener and his wife, but might have appealed to the more fastidious taste of Lady Clara Vere de Vere herself, even though the College did not, like her people, come over with the Conqueror.

When I think of Marlborough I think first of a red brick house nestling between the Bath Road and the little Kennet, in full view of the White Horse that stands on Granham Hill; of a gravelled court and a double row of limes; of a noble chapel and a (less noble) hall, where the bulk of the school eats its simple, midday meal, some 600 feeding like one; of a kitchen, with fifty to sixty legs of mutton roasting before an open fire, each over its own potatoes; of a picturesque old High Street, with its grey church at either end; of a glorious forest and a mighty stretch of rolling downs.

And then I think of the boys—

For what were Court or C. House stair,
If no young feet were clattering there?

and up rise the old memories, and all the simple, strenuous joys of Marlborough life.

I think of that patient boy, who, inside his portable tree-trunk, would sit for hours, and ride in triumph home with his film and the secret of some shy bird; of him that found the owl's nest in the forest, the owl that was sitting, not, as she fondly thought, on eggs, but on two racket balls; of that ingenious boy who devised a model for measuring the wind, a fountain pen that had more than a local sale, and (a little later), a system of shorthand—small wonder that he now writes F.R.S. after his name—of the boy, who, sent to fetch the long-spouted thing that replenished the classroom inkpots, saw, as he passed the boxes that held the cake and jam, a row of young, tame jackdaws sitting

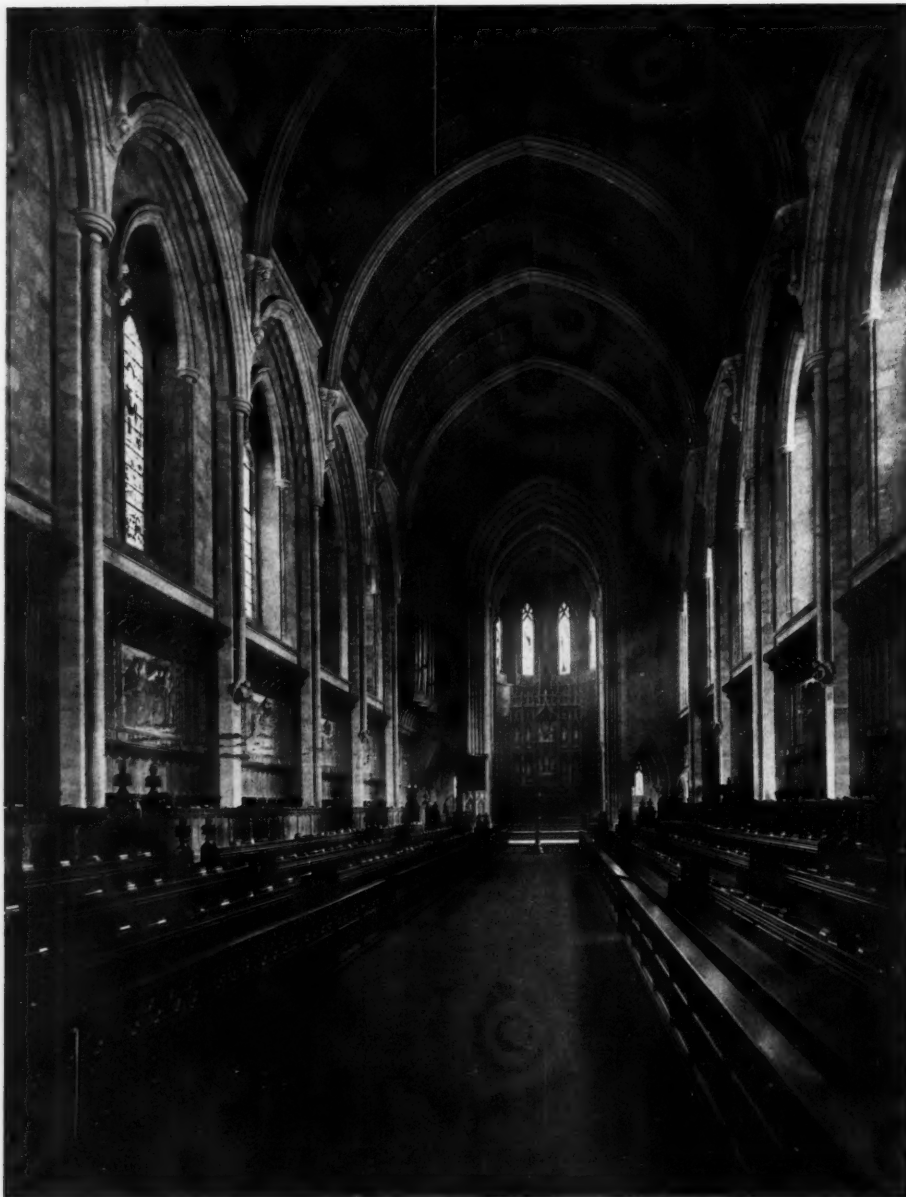




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THE CHAPEL.

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with open bills, saw, and could not resist, but (the Devil prompting) filled up each poor graculus esuriens with college ink, and the jack-daws died and the boy was whipped; of the greatly daring prefects who, braving the public scorn, trundled their hoops along the Bath Road for air and exercise; of the boy vainly seeking a lark's nest on the common who, when I showed him a just found nest, asked me, as proprietor, if he might take an egg, was told to ask the bird, took one and never forgot; of the tiny boy who said *dammit* in form and whose father interviewed the house-master with a "*Dammil*, sir, now where did the young rascal get his language?"; of the sporting boy who (bribed by gold) gave up his name as the culprit wanted for burning a rick, was birched, and made a handsome sum by selling fragments of the rod to his friends; of the boy who slew a stag in a snow pit and carried off the antlers, escaping condign punishment only through a kindly hockey stick that fell down upon his head from the heights of A house upper landing; of the secretive boy who, when Plancus was consul, forged the Master's name under a school notice encouraging the wearing of the Master's pet aversion, brown boots, brought the whole school in for a fog day and was never found out, but still lives with his guilty secret inside him, and twinges (I hope) of occasional remorse; of the major (now somewhere in France) who, knowing that his master would surely clutch him by the hair as he came in late, craftily gave his head that morning a thick coating of bear's (or of some other) grease; of the young Scotsman (his mind obviously far away from History) who, sharply ordered to tell his thoughts, blurted out, to the huge joy of his English friends, with a strong stress on the second syllable, "I was thinking of my little *tor-toise!*"; of the brigadier-general found at the early hour of 9 a.m., when he ought to have been studying the language of his present antagonists, eating ices at Jessett's; of the boy artist who adorned our classroom walls with a Tenison-gallery of Roman history in water colour; of the Irish boy (with no respect) who sang lustily in bathroom, carved picture frames in the workshop, and gave me a shillelagh—I hope he does not miss it at the front; of Joey, and the Spook, and Peter — unforgettable Peter, with the strange sense of smell, who never handled paper without one

preliminary sniff—engaged recently in smelling out witch doctors in East Africa, and there still, hot upon the German trail. May his nose acquire merit!—of young Hamlet, with the white face and the coal-black hair, who used to hold the school spellbound, as he has held many a London audience since; of that captain of cricket who, in the C.R. match, thinking to teach old Bam's slow rot a wholesome lesson, went in first (according to his wont), essayed a mighty slog, and was out to old Bam's first ball that innings—and the next! O wily, everlasting Bam! No hungry generations tread thee down, but thousands of hearts remember thee with affection. Organ, piano, choir—thou wast master of them all, and yet, in thine inmost heart, was it not the slow rot that pleased thee best of all? May this and many a New Year find thee hale and green as ever! And then the boy (now perhaps the prettiest bat in England, but engaged at present in stopping harder things than balls of leather) who with one small flick of the wrist would send a dangerous off-ball rattling up against the steps of the Pavilion. Last, but O! not least, that ablest of boys, scholar and poet, that boy who knew and loved every inch of Marlborough ground, with us but the other day, and now lying somewhere over-sea, far away from his downs and old, wrinkled, red-capped town.

After the boys I think of the dogs, and especially of one dog, Bandy, the trusty servant and friend of the late Henry Richardson (known to us all as Dick)—Dick, who had the knack of bringing out all that was best in dog and boy. Little Bandy, the intimate of thousands, Bandy of the broad paw and capacious jaw, who loved to lie with his mouth full of fives balls and one or two more between his feet—Bandy, who walked up to school with his house, marched with his band, and barked at his Bishop of Salisbury—Bandy, who watched eagerly behind the net and leapt at the ball that one day stunned him—Bandy, the dog that was all but human. Sikes, his successor, was an animal of less character, though he too was a dog of note. But Togo, white Togo, was a dog worthy of his name. Togo, who loved his master well, and when that master died lingered on a little, very sadly, in a new home, and died of a broken heart. And then the college hound, that ate many buns, visited the classrooms, tried sometimes to attend the chapel service, till spied by the eagle eye of Shipway (R.I.P.), and was believed to have acquired in his classroom rounds a small stock of (dog) Latin. I remember the beginning of an ode, of which he was the hero:

O Collegii Molosse,
Ades ut fruaris osse;
Nunquam canem magis doctum
Vidi—Cape hoc Bis-Coctum.
Quis culpabit, si Latinum
Tuum, Canis, est caninum?
Tu sededis genioque
Tu indulges—ego quoque.



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ENTRANCE TO THE OLD BUILDING.

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THE COLLEGE KITCHEN.

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I still treasure his picture in black and white with its legend, "The College Hound, nosing out Dog Latin"—drawn by an old Army Class friend, whose name now stands on England's Roll of Honour. Nor can I forget the pious little stranger (primed no doubt with cake) who effected an entrance one morning into chapel, rose upon his hind legs and licked the faces of several of his kneeling friends. And little Punch, and Red Rover, and Jock—dear little Jock, now, alas! an O.M. Hail to thee, Marlborough, felix prole Canum! Among these boys and dogs some readers will, I hope, recognise an old friend.

And then I think of the form work, the fun, the fives, the squash, the sweats, the brews, and all the varied joys of daily life. It is good to have book learning, and good to play with a straight bat, but other things too are good, and no less pleasant to look back on. Almost every boy, of course, thinks his own school, like his own mother, the finest in the world. Almost every boy will agree with the second of Lord Morris's Irish officials, discussing the question of their patronage: "Well, I don't mind admitting," said the first, "that, *ceteris paribus*, I prefer my own relations." "My dear boy," replied the second, "*ceteris paribus* be damned!"

Let me then, *ceteris paribus* being duly damned, boldly assert that at Marlborough the simple life is led, as far as may be in this wicked world. Marlborough is not, perhaps, as her Carmen asserts, exactly Sparta, but certainly is more like Sparta than Sybaris, lying as she does in the country, far away from the contamination of large towns, with no dressy inhabitants parading her street or raising her standard. The school authorities do their best to cut expenses down, repress extravagance of costume and other things, and in every way teach the beauty of simplicity. The school is well knit together with college for a centre, round which the outboarding moons and planets loyally revolve. We have not made our school two-headed, as C. Gracchus (or somebody) made Rome. The scholars are not, as is apt to be the case when a separate dwelling or a special garb marks out the scholar from his fellows, a class apart. Here they are (wisely, I venture to think) scattered among the different houses, where they, unconsciously but surely, leaven (and, equally important, are leavened by) the lump. But this, I know, is dangerous ground. I must again touch wood!

Genius (athletic or otherwise) can, within limits, look after itself. Plant it in any congenial soil and give it room, it will grow. What of the ordinary boy? Well, the ordinary boy (often far less ordinary than his masters think) is, so far as my experience goes, well cared for, and duly encouraged to work and play. He leads a happy life in a fair land, with no lack of fields in which to expend his energies and ride his hobbies. There are very few loafers here. I was always struck, and often touched, by the way the so-called ordinary boy did, as a rule, his best, and was constantly surprised at the results to which, by sheer, plodding work, he ultimately arrived. Moreover, in after life the ordinary boy constantly leaves his brilliant contemporaries behind, and, making a fresh spurt, as it were, in his new life, shows that he was never an ordinary boy at all. All I can say is that when I have a son (ordinary or otherwise) I know the school he will go to.

One thing a boy at Marlborough has, spread out before him (a thing that makes a more lasting impression than many a sermon)—his surroundings. The long, wide High Street with its red-roofed houses—Savernake Forest, where the elm trees grow, and the squirrels play, where the woodpecker drums and the owl hoots. Martinsell, Four-Miler, Barbury Camp, towering, like tall, green sentinels, above the stretch of downs. All this is an education in itself.

Here is a little picture by a Scotch Marlburian:

O Marlboro' she's a town o' towns,
Ye maun say that and mair,
Ye that hae trod on her green downs
An' snuffed her Wiltshire air.
A weary road ye'll hae to tramp
Afore ye match the green,
O' Savernake an' Barbury Camp,
An' a' that lies atween.

Hark to the lav'rocks how they sing,
Ow're four mile clump an' a'!
Eh! man, ye should stan' there in spring,
An' hear the peewits ca'.
Bide still, an' here ye'se see the hare
Steal down yon grassy furr;
Tread on the bit o' bracken there,
Ye'se hear the pairtricks birr.

Or gang your lane by Martinsell
Ayont the forest trees,
An' hear the tinkle o' the bell
Come floatin' on the breeze,
Up where the horse, sae white an' still,
Stans dreamin' his lang dream,
An' frae his stance on Granham Hill
Looks down on Kennet's stream.

Aye Marlboro' she's our town o' towns,
We will say that an' mair,
We that hae linked along her downs,
An' snuffed her Wiltshire air.
Its roun' the warld ye'll hae to tramp,
Afore ye match the green
O' Savernake an' Barbury Camp,
An' a' that lies atween.

Yes, it is a lovely land of forest and green downs, healthy alike for soul and body. I notice that doctors are very apt to send sons here. The wind that blows in the Easter term is certainly a nipping and a somewhat eager air; but now that the doctors have had their way at last, and early school, when the boys come back from the Christmas holiday, has been abolished, the nip only invigorates, and many a weak lung has, I think, been strengthened by its bracing tonic.

Such a countryside, with its wealth of birds and flowers, is a paradise for the naturalist and ornithologist, and for all who love the beetle and the bug at least as well as the printed book, and the Natural History Society is one of the features of Marlborough life. It was, I believe, the first school Natural History Society in existence, and the model of all succeeding ones. For many years Mr. Meyrick, F.R.S. (with half a dozen more mysterious letters after his name), a man of most original mind, has presided over it—marshalled his host for its field days, edited the annual report, awarded notices for early finds, and stimulated the zeal of able lieutenants. The school owes him a large debt of gratitude for his labour of love. Thanks to him and the Natural History Society, many a boy has had latent tastes and talents discovered or developed, and his joy in life increased. Professor Stanley Gardiner, F.R.S., head of the Zoological work at Cambridge, and Arthur Hill, now eminent at Kew, would, I am sure, agree. I remember meeting the latter (then a very tiny naturalist) in the High Street on his way to school, and asking him suddenly the rough date of Bosworth Field. When, without a moment's hesitation, he replied, "August 22nd, 1485," I felt that his future was assured.

To conclude this rambling article—does Marlborough leave any distinctive mark upon her children other than the book-learning, the discipline of mind and body, and the loyal memories that are the common property of all good English schools? I think she does and must. It is hard to put it into words, but I like to think that every Marlborough boy, even though (like Shakespeare) he may leave school with small Latin and less Greek, deep down in his heart of hearts, mingling with pleasant memories of sweats and brews, with the chorus of his Carmen and the thunder of his Auld Lang Syne, carries away with him, and has within him for ever, something of the music of his murmuring forest, something of the simplicity of his rolling downs.

J. B.

A CHARMING RUSSIAN BOOK

AT this time, when so many translations from the Russian are appearing, well advised and ill advised, it is good to be able to put the hand on one superlatively good book—Serge Aksakof's *Years of Childhood* (Arnold) translated by Mr. J. D. Duff, for whom the work seems to have been a labour of love. Here is a refreshment for tired eyes and tired souls, a real spring gift and glimpse of the freshness of the April of life. Reading this book, one is taken to a young and beautiful world not at all corresponding to the outward appearances of the world to-day, 1916, in the great war. And yet it is the same world, and if we go to the country and can become there children again, we shall see it is the same as that on which the marvelling eyes of the young Serge looked out. It is touching to note at this moment how Nature is becoming greener as the time of greater bloodshed on the fields of France and Flanders is becoming nearer. And it must be astonishing for the man whose intelligence and delicacy of apprehension have been almost blasted by high explosives and the spectacle of death to see the gentle and indifferent progress of spring.

An old man in the last year of his life, nearly blind, and suffering continual pain, yet writes this perfectly sweet and beautiful account of his earliest years—tells what he knows of six, seven, eight to twelve, the early "teens." Someone has said the best letters are written by those under condemnation of death. When we know that we must die soon, a new poignancy and tenderness comes into our articulation. But poor mortals are all under condemnation of death. Foreknowledge of death is in our eyes, and it is often out of the realisation of mortality that the greatest human tenderness springs. Immortals do not know human love. Out of personal

pain and the premonition of death comes a gentle love towards the whole human race. This is breathed out in the story which Aksakof the old man tells of Aksakof the little child. He looks fifty years back along the corridors of memory and watches lovingly the child that is himself, innocent, lisping, marvelling, on the threshold of life.

It is an astonishingly tender love, that of the old man towards himself as he sees himself far away back in his childhood. There is a poignancy in the emphasis which he gives to the trivialities which at the time no one regarded or commented upon. The picture which the old man paints is really more vivid than the actuality which he is remembering: the green of spring is greener, the snow whiter, the fish in the river Dyoma more abundant, the child's smile brighter, the tears saltier than in actuality, but that is because a certain human affection in the author intensifies all. For though the beauty of Nature is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever, and we can always realise the truth by leaving the town and going forth into its wide happiness, yet looking back we always sigh and think "things are not now what they were."

On the other hand, the wealth of the old man's memory and the abundance of detail that he is able to produce is unusual. He sees again the transient shadows of April clouds and the individuality of short mornings lost as it seemed so soon in grey oblivion, but rescued in pristine freshness fifty years later. He remembers the questions occurring to the child's mind, the divergence between the child's simple honesty and the grown-up's artificiality, politeness and manners, the puzzling in the immature mind, the childish anxieties he had about his mother's health, the significance of her frown to him, his gladness at rides and drives and all new sensations, his unrealised dulness, the make-believes that lit dulness up, the way he read his scanty picture-books to his sister, the character of his love of the Arabian Nights, which when he retold he embellished with details of his own invention:

"What is the secret of the spell they laid on me? I believe it is to be found in that passion for the marvellous which is innate,

more or less, in all children, and was less repressed by sober sense in my case than in most. While reading the book I was carried away as usual by excitement and enthusiasm; but I was not content with reading it myself: I began to repeat the contents to my sister and aunt with such burning animation and what may be called self-forgetfulness, that, without being aware of it, I filled out the narratives of Scheherazade with many details of my own invention; I spoke of all I had read exactly as if I had been on the spot and seen it with my own eyes. . . . Again and again my aunt stopped me by saying—'What you told us is not there. How's that? What a story-teller you are! It's impossible to believe you!' I was much taken aback by such an accusation, and forced to reflect. I was a very honest boy at that age and could not endure lying. . . ."

Incidentally the book describes the Russian country of a hundred years ago in the old days of the serfs. Aksakof's parents were country gentry in moderate circumstances. They lived in the Ural Mountains, that is, very far from St. Petersburg or Moscow, a long way further away in those trainless days than now. It is the Russia of "Dead Souls," or rather, of the time just preceding Gogol's famous novel of Russian country life. Father Seraphim is in his hermitage at Sarof; Napoleon distressing the West has not made his tragic march to Moscow. Aksakof's Russia is remoter and quieter and simpler than the Russia of to-day. It is more pious, more holy. And judged from an artistic standard it is better. It is better in the way that childhood is better. The older Russia may easily look back on the child-Russia with that same regret and tenderness and loving human sympathy with which the old Aksakof looks upon the child that was. One thing, however, such a book may tell us, and that is, that the time which we think *was*, for ever is; that youth which seems past is an immortal youth, it remains blossoming in time in the place to which it belongs.

A final word as to the translation of *Years of Childhood*. It is put into beautiful English. There is no clumsiness in it, and the book can be read aloud with much profit and pleasure.

STEPHEN GRAHAM.

POPULAR NORTH COUNTRY TERRIERS

By A. CROXTON SMITH.

A HUNDRED years ago our great-grandfathers were satisfied with any kind of terrier that happened to be handy, so long as he would do the work for which he was wanted, and in most localities were to be found strains that were more sought after than others on account of their cleverness and staunchness. Daniel classified the

race into two sorts—the one rough, short-legged, long-backed, very strong and most commonly of a black or yellowish colour mixed with white. The other was smooth and beautifully formed, having a shorter body and more sprightly appearance. He was generally of a reddish brown, or black with tanned legs. Both were determined foes of all vermin,



MISS VICCARS WITH GROUP OF WHITE WEST HIGHLANDERS, INCLUDING CHAMPIONSHIP WINNERS.

and in their encounters with badgers frequently met with severe treatment, which they sustained with great courage. From these, presumably, the modern fox terrier has sprung. Further north the character of the dog changed, having suited itself in the course of centuries to his environment. All the terriers of Scotland or the Border regions are wire-haired or shaggy-coated, and, with the exception of the Border terrier, all stand on very short legs, this conformation doubtless making them more suitable for performing duties in a peculiarly rough and rugged country.



CH. CHATTY OF CHILDWICK.

"Our dogs may be called selected specimens of the terrier to be found all over the Western Highlands. For many years I have had a fancy for white coats, which at one time were not in favour at the Poltalloch kennels, though eventually they got into favour even there. And I have succeeded in breeding them quite pure white with black points, which I now find to be much admired."

To anyone examining carefully the modern Cairns and West Highlanders it is apparent that certain divergences of character between the two



CHARGER OF CHILDWICK, BY HYSKEAR OF CHILDWICK.



CH. HYSKEAR OF CHILDWICK.

There is indisputable evidence to show that small, foxy-headed terriers have existed in the Island of Skye and the adjacent Western Highlands for a considerable period, and it is rather interesting at the present moment to disinter the correspondence that raged, first when the West Highland white terrier began to come into prominence, and a few years later when the Cairn terrier was making a strenuous fight to establish his identity. From this it may be conjectured that both schools founded their claims upon an identical parent stock.

As far as one can disentangle the truth from the evidence, the only conclusion remaining in one's mind is that white dogs occasionally appeared in litters from the sandy or brindle terriers common in Skye, and that from these sprang the present breed of that colour. Major Kemble was convinced that the white terriers were the descendants of the old Skye terrier, and cited a witness who could remember them at Portree as far back as 1858. Writing to COUNTRY LIFE in 1901, Colonel Malcolm of Poltalloch stated that he had known the white dogs for over fifty years, and he added :



A STUD DOG, CHECKMATE OF CHILDWICK.



T. Fall. INVERUIR, BY CH. SKYE CROFTER. Copyright.

have crept in. The former is smaller and more lightly built, and more foxy looking in the head. That the two are being interbred in some kennels is certain, although authorities differ as to the wisdom of such a practice. Mr. Macdonald, who bred Champion Firing Frolic, considering the varieties are identical, holds that this may be done with impunity. For the benefit of my readers who, while interested in these little terriers, have not pushed their curiosity to the point of studying the aims of breeders, let me quote briefly from the respective standards, and these descriptions, coupled with the thoroughly representative photographs reproduced this week, will serve to elucidate the matter. "The Cairn terrier is small, active, game, very hardy in appearance, strong, though compactly built. Should stand well forward on forepaws, strong quarters, deep in ribs; very free in movement; coat hard enough to resist rain; head small, but in proportion to body. A general foxy appearance is the chief characteristic of this working terrier." Heavy bone is not required, and the forefeet may be slightly turned outwards. The coat should be hard, but not coarse, with

a good undercoat. Colours may be sandy, grey, brindled or nearly black. The only criticism that I would offer is with regard to the description of the head, which, if small, would hardly be in proportion to the body. I take it that the term "small" is a relative description in comparison with the rest of the body. I am glad to say that these dogs, being shown in full coats, afford no field for the clever trimmer to work upon.

Now for the white dogs. "The general appearance of the West Highland white terrier is that of a small, game, hard-looking terrier, possessed with no small amount of self-esteem, with a varminty appearance; strongly built, deep in chest and back ribs, straight back and powerful quarters on muscular legs, and exhibiting in a marked degree a great combination of strength and activity. The coat should be about 2½ in. long, white in colour, hard, with plenty of soft undercoat, with no tendency to wave or curl." As dogs may weigh from 14 lb. to 18 lb., it will be seen that they are more sturdily built than the Cairns, most of which run considerably less in weight. Straight forelegs are wanted, and these, as well as the hind legs, should be short and muscular. The outer coat should be hard, and the eyes dark hazel in colour.

During the last few years powerful kennels of both varieties have sprung up in the south, one of the most successful supplying the originals of the photographs published this week. The Cairns are the joint property of Colonel Arthur Young and Mr. C. Viccars, while the West Highlanders belong to the latter, and all are now stationed at Wilmington House, Dartford, Kent, under the charge of Miss Viccars. In the

group of white terriers with Miss Viccars are three full champions—Champion Chatty, Champion Rosalie and Champion Glenmohr Guanag, and between the lot they have managed to win eighteen challenge certificates. Eight of these much coveted honours belong to Champion Chatty of Childwick, all of which have been secured this year, which speaks volumes for the quality of the little lady. Champion Hyskear of Childwick, though he has not equalled the record, is one of our best. He won his third certificate at the Great Joint Show in December, where his son Charger of Childwick ran third to him in the open class. Checkmate of Childwick, a son of Champion Rosalie, is a beautiful stamp, winner of one challenge certificate.

The group of Cairns with Mrs. Bartle Grant includes her own dog, Inveruir, a son of the great Champion Skye Crofter, who

also appears there. Twilight and Cloudy Morn on the extreme left have taken many prizes. Madadh Ruadh is a typical foxy type of Cairn, exactly the colour of a fox cub with his glorious red coat and black mask. I believe he has been placed first on each occasion that he has been out. These terriers are kept amid ideal surroundings, having an orchard in which to romp all day, and a range of stables has been converted into perfect kennels, besides which there are barns as playgrounds for the puppies in wet weather. Under such conditions it is not surprising that they are put down in perfect form whenever they are exhibited. Mr. Viccars had made a reputation for himself with the West Highlanders before he turned his attention to their blood relations, his Champion Kiltie, I believe, being sold to America for a price that has never been equalled. Some of our finest terriers have crossed the

Atlantic in response to the apparently irresistible appeal of American dollars, including that beautiful dog Champion Glenmohr Model, whose breeding and style make him almost invaluable.

Which of these two varieties will be in the ascendancy ten years hence is a point upon which I am disinclined to prophesy. At the moment there is no question that the Cairns are coming along rapidly, classes for them filling well, and an enthusiasm being displayed by owners that has abundant promise of sustained vitality. Both started by being involved in preconceived notions of Scottish terrier predominancy, many of the earlier breeders of the whites seeking to graft upon them a Scottish head, and some Cairn owners have not been altogether free from this heresy, which has now passed into the background. The



T. Fall.

MRS. BARTLE GRANT WITH CAIRN TERRIERS.

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The property of Colonel Arthur Young and Mr. C. Viccars.

Scottish terrier in all probability sprang from the same family tree as those under notice, but in the course of cultivation he has undergone such a radical transformation that to cross him with a Cairn would not be likely to produce the type desired in the latter. Mr. Robert Leighton, who once had the opportunity of studying the mounted head of Granite, the first Scottish terrier to gain a prize at a Kennel Club Show, declared that one would not recognise him as being of the same breed as the modern winners, although he was the ancestor of many of them. He was owned by the late Sir Paynton Pigott, whose remark on seeing a class of Cairns at Cruft's Show was: "But these are the original Scotties." More than likely that is perfectly true, and we do not want to make them into the 1916 Scottie, fine dog though he is. It is far more laudable to preserve the old aboriginal stamp as a guide to future generations.

THE DIARIES OF LEO TOLSTOY

By C. HAGBERG WRIGHT, LL.D.

IN the midst of world-wide war the thoughts of Leo Tolstoy, the peace-philosopher, as recorded in his letters and diaries, are invested with a new and deep significance. These diaries, of which a selection has recently been published in Russia, touch less upon the material facts of his daily life than upon the problems with which he was constantly preoccupied regarding social inequalities, the unrighteousness of force, and the true inner meaning of life.

It may be safely affirmed that few writers on ethical subjects of equal celebrity have been so frequently misrepresented and misunderstood, owing in a great measure to imperfect knowledge of the man himself and his environment.

The chief events of Tolstoy's life hardly need recounting; his orphaned childhood, his short military career during the Crimean war, his marriage, followed by a long period of literary work and philanthropic endeavour, his renunciation of property and ultimate excommunication by the Greek Church. But it is not till one realises the particular circumstances and surroundings amid which Tolstoy's convictions were matured that we can enter fully into his point of view.

From the time of his marriage Tolstoy's life was outwardly peaceful and secluded, and apart from his efforts to improve the condition of his peasants he concerned himself little with the management of his estates, even before his renunciation of them.

Yasnaya Polyana, where the greater part of his life was spent, is an unpretentious one-storied wooden house standing in an open park with a background of woodland. Two brick pillars mark the entrance to the demesne. Beyond them, some two hundred yards, lies the village, which is typical of central Russia, consisting of two rows of wooden, thatched-roofed cottages lining a wide road. A by-way leads to a narrow stream where in summer the peasant women wash their garments.

The bath-house and the school, both built of red brick, relieve the monotony of the brown weather-stained huts. The chief town is sixteen miles away at Toula, a busy centre of steel works and factories.

A philanthropic Englishman placed in Tolstoy's position—a man of brains and energy, such as William Morris, the poet and craftsman—might have devoted himself to farming, to building, to bettering the conditions of labour, and so forth; but Tolstoy's outlook embraced the wrongs and sufferings of mankind at large, and though he tried to ameliorate the poverty of those about him, it was impossible for him to confine himself to parochial interests and individual cases.

In "What then must we do?" in "What is truth?" and many other of his ethical writings we see how obsessed he was by the wider problems of existence. At the same time, Tolstoy was no mere Teufelsdrück absorbed in metaphysics in the seclusion of his study, he was at all times accessible to the man, woman or child who sought him for aid or counsel.

He was as ready to take his axe and cut down trees, or to rebuild a poor man's cottage, as he was to write words of comfort and advice to the veriest stranger who appealed to him.

In every detail of his daily life he endeavoured to carry out his own doctrines of love, forbearance and self-sacrifice. It was this fact which gave such magnetic force to his personality and to his utterances by word or pen, so that his writings, though they are often little more than paraphrases of the Sermon on the Mount, strike home with the vigour and freshness of a new-born thought.

It has been finely said by Emerson "that God has given to every man the choice between truth and repose," but for Tolstoy no choice existed. For himself he wrote: "To struggle is very life, and in it is life alone. There is no repose. The ideal is always ahead and I am never at peace while—I will not say I have not attained it, but—while I am not advancing towards it."

Although he was the author of many polemical books and pamphlets, he laid stress on the value of deeds above words, and while abroad especially, his disciples grew in numbers; he was averse from societies and communities as a means of conversion to his views. He poured cold water on the desire of his followers to form groups of Tolstoyans, saying that for field work it was well to labour in company, but that to draw near to God one must be alone. "The world is to me like a vast Temple with the light falling from above into the centre. To meet together all must go forward towards the light. There we shall find ourselves, gathered from many quarters, united with men we did not expect to see; therein is joy."

But while Tolstoy felt at times the need for solitude, he bitterly regretted the spiritual isolation in which much of his life was spent.

To an intimate friend who was of his own way of thinking he wrote: "You would find it difficult to believe how isolated I am, to what an extent my true self is despised by those about me"; but that very loneliness enabled him to formulate his philosophy of life unchecked, and to strengthen himself against opposition from without.

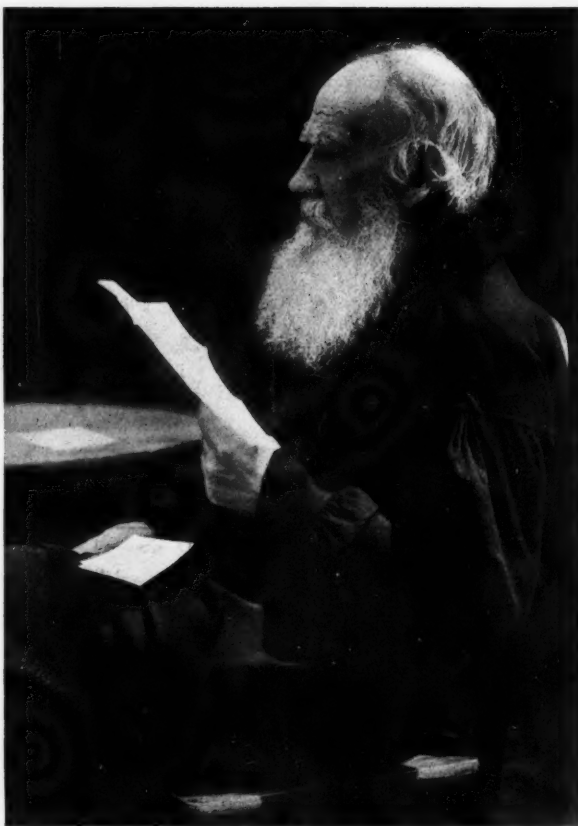
Among his later ethical works is one over which he pondered long, and believed that he learnt much by writing it. This was the remarkable volume of criticism entitled, "What is art?" But the strictures it contains upon art which is not inspired by a high ideal must not be taken as expressing a general disapproval of art in all its forms.

On the contrary, Tolstoy was a lover of music to the end of his days, and in literature kept himself abreast of modern thought, ranging from the philosophical works

of Spir, the Russian mystic, to the plays of G. Bernard Shaw and the economic writings of H. Spencer and Mill. He also took interest in foreign politics, and a letter of his, written during the Boer War, appears peculiarly apposite at the present time:

"I think it is not only useless, but harmful, to attribute the causes of the war to Chamberlain, William II, and such-like; thus hiding from oneself the true causes which lie much nearer, and in which we are ourselves participating. Chamberlains and Williams we can only rage against and abuse, but our rage and our abuse will only poison our own blood without changing the course of events; for Chamberlains and Williams are but blind tools of forces lying far behind them."

A recognition of the spiritual laws that direct men's destinies, apart from or in conflict with the material forces of



A PORTRAIT-STUDY OF LEO TOLSTOY.

the universe, pervades the pages of his diaries. There, too, is revealed the depth of his desire to sympathise with others. "It would be a fine thing," he wrote, "to show in an artistic work how Man is in a constant state of flux. Now a devil and now an angel, now a sage and now an idiot, now a power and now a helpless being." Further on he quotes the axiom, "tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner," and while excusing wrongs done to him, blames himself for a supine submission to them. "I have often wished to suffer, have longed for persecution. It meant only that I was indolent and did not want to exert myself, but rather that others should exert themselves while I need only endure."

He dwells frequently on this subject of pain, analysing it, realising the good to be gained from it. "When suffering remember that this suffering is not an unpleasantness from which one can wish to be released, but is the very labour of life, the very work you are appointed to perform. In wishing to free oneself from it, one does as a man would do who lifted his plough where the ground was hard, it being just where he should have worked it. Next, remember at the moment you suffer that if, among the feelings which are in you, there is any malice, then the suffering is in yourself. Put love in the place of malice and the suffering ceases."

Tolstoy's views upon marriage have been often misconstrued, owing, no doubt, to the fact that he could not speak of womenkind dispassionately. He had many friendships among women, but the sex as a whole represented to him a power that was, in his own words, "free and terrible." None the less, he averred that "Love cannot be harmful as long as it is love, and not the wolf of egoism in the sheep's coat of love. One need only ask oneself, 'Am I ready, for his or her welfare, never again to see him or her, to cease relations with her or him?' If not, it is the wolf, which should be beaten and killed. . . . If a man be already living a human, spiritual life, then being in love and marriage will be for him a fall; he will have to give part of his powers to his wife or family or the object of his love. But if he be on the animal plane, the eating, working, writing plane, then being in love will be for him an ascent." Elsewhere he writes, "Chastity is not a rule or a precept, but an ideal, or rather one of the conditions of the ideal." In the same pamphlet he remarks, "Statistics of wars and plagues compared with those of celibacy would be interesting. They are sure to be in inverse proportions. The fewer destructive agencies, the more cases of celibacy; one counterbalances the other." Finally one may quote, giving thought to so-called war marriages, the following passage: "Above all, think twenty times, a hundred times, before marrying. To join one's life to that of another by the sexual link is, for a moral, sensitive person, the most important act and the most pregnant with consequences which it is possible to commit. One should marry in the same way as one dies, *i.e.*, only when it

is impossible to do otherwise." This is a typical example of Tolstoy's constant effort to simplify, and more than simplify; to find a definite solution for every difficulty.

He felt that the aim of life should be "activity for God," and he strove to make all human ties and activities subservient to that ideal. He was himself compact of strong passions, violent impulses and extreme sensitiveness combined with a metaphysical tendency which had asserted itself in boyhood—the supreme struggle which engaged even his energies in middle age and later years with himself. His ideal was, as he admitted, unattainable, but death found him still striving to come nearer to it. Among the qualities which lifted him up above the mass of mankind was a courage which could own to failure and yet fight on. Having sown his seed on barren ground, as it seemed, he could set down in the pages of his diary that "The life of Jesus Christ is

especially important as an instance of the impossibility of a man's seeing the fruits of his labours. And the more so, the more important the work. Moses might have entered the Promised Land with his people, but Jesus Christ could in no wise have seen the fruit of his labours even had he lived till the present time. This is just what we have to learn, otherwise we desire to work for God and be rewarded by men."

Tolstoy's life-work may be summed up as a striving to separate

truth from falsehood, to replace armed force by universal brotherhood, to free our so-called civilisation from its overgrowth of sensual indulgence.

It was his ceaseless endeavour to bring home practically and positively to his fellow men that their well-being consisted in being united together, and in setting up, "in place of the existing reign of force, that kingdom of God, that is, love, which we all recognise to be the highest aim of human life."

Some of the lessons he tried to teach we are learning now in blood and tears. Some are still sayings too hard for us, but it may be prophesied that long after "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina" have joined the honoured but little read classics, the labours of Tolstoy for Truth sake will continue to bring forth fruit by the wayside and perhaps in the very places that seemed barren and stony ground.



TOLSTOY AND SISTER MARY, THE ABBESS OF THE CONVENT AT SHAMARDIN.

DONNA INNOMINATA.

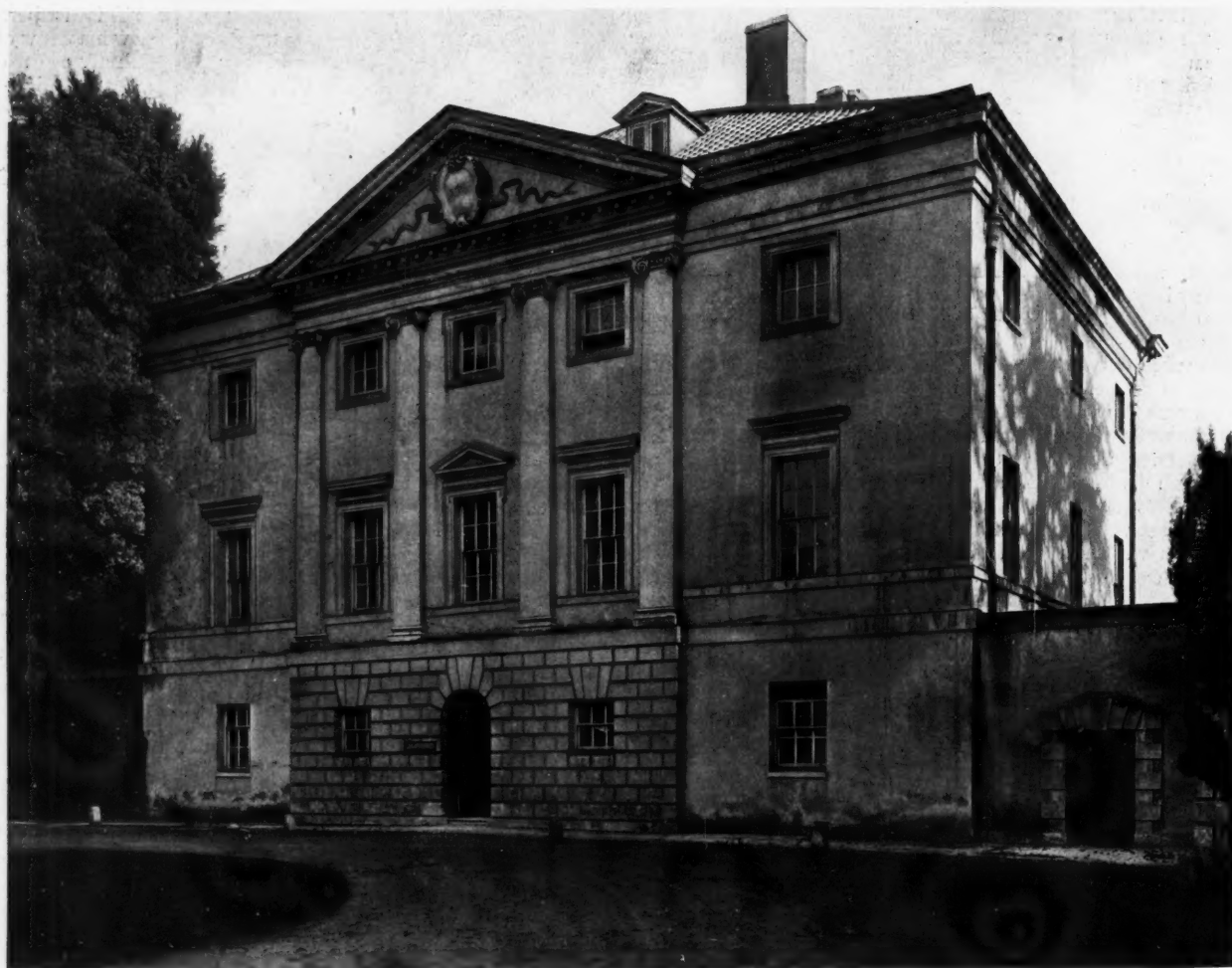
When I am old, and all the world is grey,
Out of this past I shall remember you—
Your happy face, your eyes that smile away,—
For so my leaden skies will turn to blue,
And my heart's winter to an April day.

ANGELA GORDON.



WHEN the perspective of time is focussed on the last half of the eighteenth century the common charge of dulness seems a considerable injustice. The growth of material prosperity was accompanied by a varied programme of excited happenings at home and abroad. While an empire was being lost it was also being re-founded, and the last decade, stirred to the depths by the French Revolution, was soon to give sufficient evidence of all that was in the ferment below the surface. The outward dulness and respectability of the Court of King George III and Queen Charlotte were torn by internal dissensions in which it soon became impossible to prevent the public from taking a share. Not only did the King quarrel with his brothers, but not one of his own sons found it possible to live at home. Such were the relations between the King and the Prince of Wales that London was early provided with two Courts, and political life soon became deeply affected by these family dissensions. By one of life's ironies George III had on his accession particularly stated his intention to live on good terms with his family, with an evident reflection on his grandfather's relations with

his own father. Of all the romances of the time, few have attracted more attention than the tragedy of the marriage which took place on December 15th, 1785, between Maria Fitzherbert and the Prince who was afterwards George IV. It deserves to be called a tragedy because a study of the full and interesting account in W. H. Wilkin's "Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV" makes it clear that religious, social and legal difficulties and prejudices were the cause of the extinction of an influence that might have redeemed the wayward and wilful if weak character of "the first gentleman in Europe." Of Mrs. Fitzherbert we are told that "her personality was a very elusive one, and her dislike of publicity deepened the mystery which surrounded her during her long life." Born on July 26th, 1756, Maria Fitzherbert was the eldest child of Walter Smythe, second son of Sir John Smythe, Bart., of Eshe Hall, Durham, and Acton Burnell Park, Shropshire. They were of an old Roman Catholic family, whose motto was *Regi semper fidelis*. Maria herself was educated in an English convent in Paris, and we learn that "her impulsiveness, vivacity and love of amusement were more akin to the French character than the English." A





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IN THE RECEPTION ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

sunny disposition, unaffected manner, absence of guile, and a natural kindness of heart made up her indefinable lifelong charm. The leading incidents of the story and the sacrifices which she made cannot otherwise be accounted for, and all through she had the support of the better elements of the society of the day.

"She wore her abundant hair naturally in defiance of the fashion of the day. It was of a pale gold and her eyes were of hazel brown, complexion of the wild rose and hawthorn, her features exquisitely chiselled, her figure full of grace." In 1775, at the age of eighteen, she was married to Mr. Edward Weld of Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire, a widower of forty-four who died the same year. After three years of widowhood, Maria was married again in 1778 to Thomas Fitzherbert of Swynneston in Staffs, who was only ten years her senior. They had a house in Park Street, Park Lane, and went through the Gordon Riots, when Mr. Fitzherbert contracted an illness which proved fatal to him in 1781. He died abroad, and Mrs. Fitzherbert,

A bequest from her father enabled her to retire to this house in 1734. She had married, a second time, the Hon. George Berkeley, brother of the Earl of Berkeley, who died in 1747, she herself surviving for twenty years. Not clever, she was esteemed for her tact and good sense, and Pope and Peterborough both celebrated her in verse. Horace Walpole gives a pleasing sketch of her character, dwelling upon her courage and steadfastness. Pope and Bathurst laid out the grounds at Marble Hill, and Pembroke and Burlington are said to have designed the house.

Marble Hill is stately and dignified though not large, and the interiors are finished in a reserved style, contrasting with the florid character of the period immediately preceding the return of Robert Adam from Italy. Drum, near Edinburgh, for instance, must have been starting while Marble Hill was completing.

There is a tradition that the mahogany of the staircase and the flooring of the best rooms nearly caused a rupture with Spain owing to the reckless manner in which the naval officer, who was ordered to obtain the timber at Honduras, set about cutting down the trees.

The present treatment of the interiors of the staircase and saloon in brown and gold is distinctly pleasing, and, though it does not appear how far it is original, it is rather difficult to imagine it transformed into white and gold.

On the east side of the house was a small cottage which originally formed the china room of the Countess of Suffolk: it was joined to the house in later times by new offices. The cottage was in two stories, and the china room on the upper floor retained its gaily painted ceiling, and peculiarly shaped shelves with gilded edges on which the china was displayed. It is probable that the two Venetian windows, and the balconies on the garden front, which strike a different note to the purely Palladian design of the house, are later alterations.

Marble Hill was left to Lord Buckingham by his aunt, the Countess of Suffolk, on her death in July, 1767. After the death of the Duke of Buckinghamshire it reverted to Miss Hotham, daughter of Sir Charles Hotham, from whom Mrs. Fitzherbert obtained a lease. Eventually in 1902 the London County Council acquired the estate to preserve the view from Richmond Hill, and I am indebted to their courtesy for the plan and other information relating to the house.

Mrs. Fitzherbert came up from Marble Hill to her house in Park Street for the season of 1784. Of the Prince of Wales, that typical Georgian Bishop Hurd, who was his tutor, said, "I can hardly tell, he will either be the most polished gentleman, or the most accomplished blackguard in Europe, possibly both." Of himself, the Prince of Wales said, "You know that I don't speak the

truth, and my brothers don't, the Queen having taught us early to equivocate." At nineteen he had a small establishment of his own at Buckingham House, and his dress bill was a modest £10,000 a year. On coming of age in 1783, he had Carlton Palace as his residence, in succession to the Dowager Princess of Wales, and, mixing in politics, was associated with the Whigs and the Duchess of Devonshire in the famous election of C. J. Fox in 1784. It was in this year that he took fire at the sight of Mrs. Fitzherbert and pursued her with his unwelcome attentions.

I'd crowns resign to call thee mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill

ran the popular ballad. In November of that year a trick was employed to induce the lovely widow to believe that the Prince was dying for love of her, and she was thus early entangled in a promise. To escape she went abroad to Aix-la-Chapelle and The Hague, and then to Switzerland, ever



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THE MAIN STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

who was left with £2,000 a year, returned to England in 1782, when she took a lease of Marble Hill, facing the river at Twickenham. Marble Hill, a fine, sober Anglo-Palladian villa, was begun in 1723 for Henrietta, daughter of Sir Henry Hobart, Bart., of Blickling, Norfolk. Her brother, Sir John Hobart, was created first Earl of Buckinghamshire. Born in 1681, Henrietta married in 1706 the Hon. Charles Howard, who succeeded his brother in 1731 as ninth Earl of Suffolk, and died in 1733. As Bedchamber Woman to Caroline of Anspach, both when Princess of Wales and Queen, the Countess of Suffolk's life was passed at Court, and her extensive knowledge of the period of George I and George II was drawn upon by Horace Walpole, who was a frequent visitor at Marble Hill. Frederick Prince of Wales appears to have contributed £10,000 towards the cost of her house, in spite of which the work seems to have been at a standstill for a time in 1727.

pursued by the letters and emissaries of her lover. Worn out at last by his importunities, she ended by trusting to him and to his sense of honour, and agreed to return in December, 1785, after an exile of a year. The secret marriage of December 15th was duly performed at her house in Park Street by the Rev. Robert Burt, in accordance with the marriage service of the Church of England, her uncle and brother being the witnesses. Thereafter £3,000 a year was

her. At Cumberland House Robert Adam had done work in 1780-81, and more extensive decorations and alterations were in hand in 1785, presumably in view of this return. The house had been built by Brettingham, but the Adam decorations were of a gorgeous character, carried out with all the reckless disregard of money that characterised the Royal Princes of that age. In spite of the King's curtailed entertainments, due to



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FIRST FLOOR LANDING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

allotted, and a house was taken and equipped for her in St. James's Square.

The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, who had been at Avignon, returned at the end of 1785 and opened Cumberland House in Pall Mall. The Duke was the King's youngest brother, and the Duchess is described by Horace Walpole as "a gay widow of twenty-four," which was the same age as that of the Duke. She was a Luttrell and unacceptable to Queen Charlotte, who vainly endeavoured to suppress

his resentful feelings at the result of the American War, a gay season followed upon the return of the Duke and Duchess, and receptions were held once a week at Cumberland House. For the Prince of Wales the crash came at the end of the season, when his debts were stated at £250,000, of which £54,000 was for Mrs. Fitzherbert's establishment in London, including plate, jewellery, furniture, etc. The half-finished Carlton Palace, which Henry Holland had in hand, was stopped and the young couple retired to Brighton,

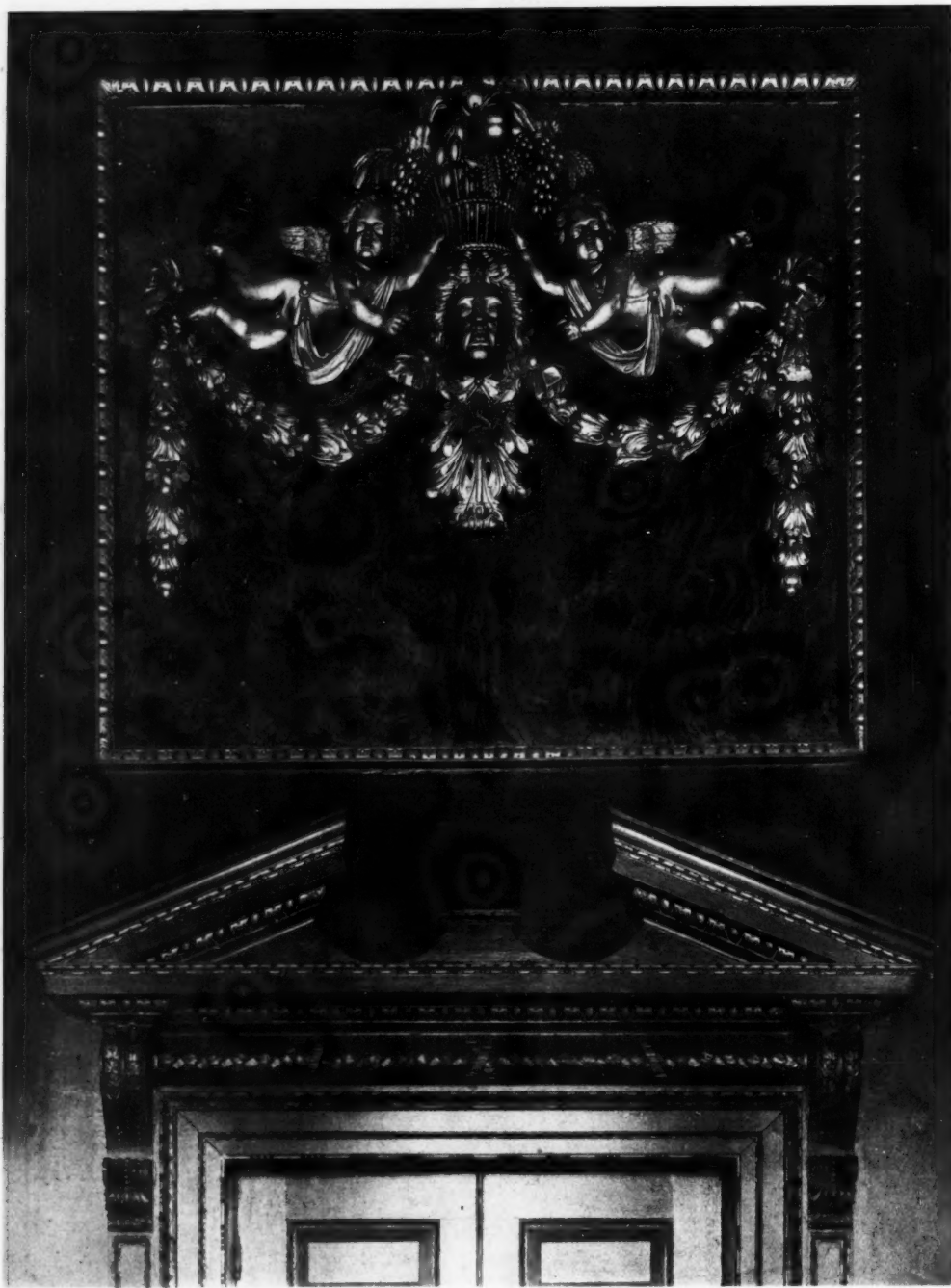
to which the Prince of Wales had already taken a liking. It was a clever strategic move, designed to put pressure upon the King to pay his son's debts.

The first visit of the Prince to Brighton was in 1783, when on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. In 1784 he stayed at Lord Egremont's, and, taking a liking to the place, bought the property and, according to Wilkins, immediately began to treble the extent of the house. The text, however, of the "New Vitruvius Britannicus," accompanying, a plan and elevation (engraved 1798) of the first Pavilion distinctly states that the work was done between March and July, 1787, being erected very rapidly in timber framing,

a little house with green shutters and separated from it by a strip of garden." It was near the present North Gate, and was afterwards absorbed in the extensions of the Royal pleasure house. The existing but altered house known as Mrs. Fitzherbert's was built and occupied by her only at the later period. It must be for this first house that Robert Adam made some interesting plans, now for the first time reproduced. They are not dated, and the description on the plans is "Plan of a house for Mrs. Fitzherbert at Brighton," but the elevation mentions the Steyn. It is apparent also that they are plans for an extension of a small house of the kind described above. The very detailed

character of the drawings argues that the work was really done. The winter of 1786 or spring of 1787 would have sufficed for the work. The house was probably quite plain inside, and rich perhaps only in the furnishings.

The scheme is so fully worked out that we can see exactly what was desired and thought necessary for "the manner of life" of the exalted lovers. The disposition reveals all Robert Adam's consummate skill in planning. The young couple were very little in London for the winter 1786-87, and then only in houses lent to them at Bagshot and Bushey. In 1787 there was a Parliamentary discussion of the Prince's debts and of his alleged marriage. Charles James Fox, who was neither liked nor trusted by Mrs. Fitzherbert, publicly denied the marriage, relying on a letter which he had received from the Prince on December 11th, 1785, four days before the marriage took place. Although Sheridan was at once commissioned by the Prince to qualify this denial, the latter could not refrain from taking advantage of Fox's political manœuvre in order to obtain the much needed settlement of his debts. Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was thus sacrificed to the exigencies of these men, nobly refrained from any publication



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OVER - DOOR AND PANEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

covered with Hampshire weather tiles of a Bath stone colour. As a marine villa of classical design the first Pavilion was distinctly interesting and in good taste, Henry Holland being a cultivated architect. It was after his and Mrs. Fitzherbert's time that the uncontrolled vagaries of the Prince produced the present bastard Oriental Pavilion. On July 11th, 1786, the Prince drove down from London in a hired post chaise, a dramatic economy which was not lost sight of by Gilray, the famous caricaturist.

Mrs. Fitzherbert followed the Prince two weeks later, the delay being due to her refusal to reside at the Pavilion. "A pretty modest villa was found for her close to the Pavilion,

of the true state of the case. From Parliament the Prince received £161,000 for his debts, and £60,000, about a third of what was necessary, to complete Carlton Palace, while from the King's Civil List an extra allowance was promised of £10,000 a year, making his income up to £50,000 a year. Large as these figures may appear, they proved a mere drop in the ocean of the Prince's extravagances, for of the value of money he had no conception at all, and each settlement was followed by fresh demands. As Byron later on wrote:

Shut up. No: not the King but the Pavilion,
Or else 'twill cost us all another million

Mrs. Fitzherbert herself was a restraining influence, but her brothers, who had lost their father at an early age and had been allowed to run wild, formed part of the crew which gradually drove the Prince forward on his downward career.

The years 1788-89 marked the highest point of Mrs. Fitzherbert's influence, Charles James Fox being still abroad. Apart from the house at Brighton, one was also taken for her in Pall Mall close to Carlton Palace.

In November the King's illness began, and Fox was hastily brought home from Italy, arriving just in time for the opening of Parliament on December 4th, 1788. The King's recovery in February next year put an end to the bitter disputes over a Regency, in which the Queen and Pitt had fought against the Prince and Fox. Mrs. Fitzherbert, however, who had no desire to be "a Duchess of Kendal," steadily declined to become reconciled to Fox.

In the summer of 1790 the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert were at Brighton while the King was at Weymouth. The Prince's disappointment over the Regency lessened Mrs. Fitzherbert's influence, and increased that of his wilder associates. Richard Barry, seventh Lord Barrymore, who ran through life and died at the age of twenty-four in 1792, was one of the set, and his brother Cripplegate is credited with the daring feat of riding a horse up Mrs. Fitzherbert's staircase. It is difficult to see how that could have been done in the small unaltered Brighton house, unless Robert Adam's plans for its extension had been carried out. It does seem possible, however, from a study of the plan and section given herewith. The horse stuck in the garret and was only got down with great difficulty.

In the following year, 1791, there was a reconciliation with the King and Queen. The Duke of York, who was also in debt, married at Berlin on September 29th. The new Duchess from Germany unfortunately took a dislike to Mrs. Fitzherbert, with whom, however, the Duke maintained all his life the most friendly relations.

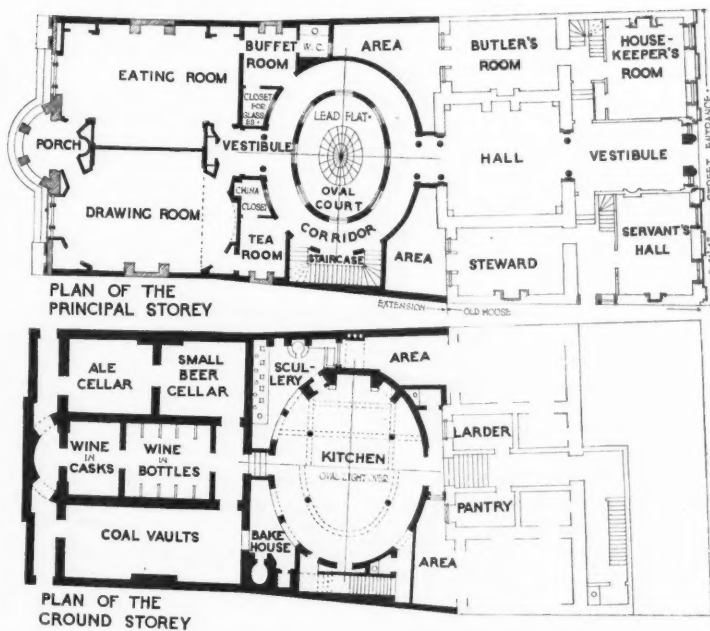
Fox and Burke had now quarrelled over the turn taken by the French Revolution, and in 1792-94 there were fresh troubles over the Prince's debts, amounting to £375,000 this time. A fresh influence, that of the Countess of Jersey, a friend of the Queen's and enjoying her support, was now swaying the inconstant Prince. In June, 1794, there came to Mrs. Fitzherbert, in the most sudden way imaginable, a breach with the Prince, couched in the form of a declaration that "he would never enter her house again."

Mrs. Fitzherbert retired in silence to Switzerland, and the Prince proceeded to reconcile himself to the King by

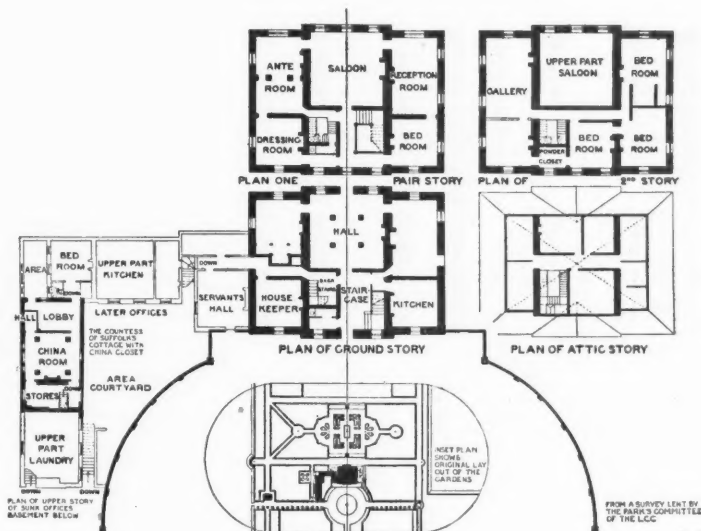
suddenly plunging into his fatal marriage with Caroline of Brunswick, whom he had never seen, but accepted on the

principle that one German princess was as good as another! The announcement was made to Parliament by the King on December 30th, 1794, and the wedding took place in 1795. Mrs. Fitzherbert sold the house in Pall Mall and gave up this one at Brighton, living in retirement at her own villa of Marble Hill.

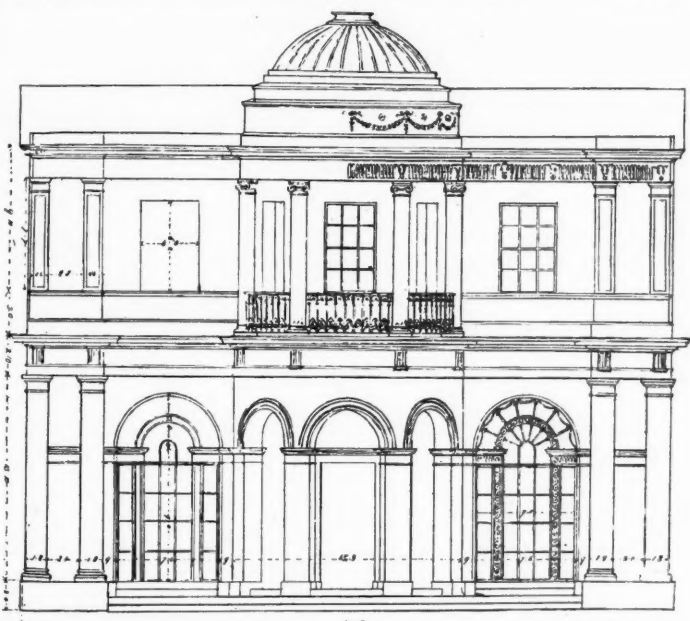
After all, the Prince's debts were not paid in full, and following on the birth of Princess Charlotte in January, 1796, the ill omened second marriage was ended by a separation arranged in April. Two years later the Prince was weary of Lady Jersey and longing for a reconciliation with his real wife. At the end of 1799 Rome was consulted and Mrs. Fitzherbert returned to him, and they were once more at Brighton in 1801. Mrs. Fitzherbert's new house was built on a site granted by the Lords of the Manor in 1803, the old one having been absorbed in the Pavilion. This second house is the one which still exists, though it has been much altered. There was a fresh breach in 1808, which was final. Mrs. Fitzherbert had no



PLANS OF THE BRIGHTON HOUSE.



PLANS OF MARBLE HILL.



ROBERT ADAM'S DRAWING OF THE STEYN FACADE.

share in the Regency affairs of 1811 nor, when George III died, in 1820, in the Coronation of George IV with the attendant scandals caused by Queen Caroline.

Mrs. Fitzherbert died in 1837 at the age of eighty-two, greatly respected by the Royal Family, who considered and treated her as one of themselves.

The will made by Prince George on January 10th, 1796, on the eve of his second marriage, probably contains his truest sentiments, which were shown, moreover, by the fact that he arranged to be buried wearing the half diamond locket which he had shared with his real if illegal wife, Maria Fitzherbert.

ARTHUR T. BOLTON.

THE A.O.D.—I

NEARLY everybody knows something about the Army nowadays, but hardly anybody knows anything about the Ordnance. At best there is a vague general impression that the A.O.D., which letters stand for Army Ordnance Department, have something to do with the supply of shells and, further, that they are better paid for remaining in tolerable safety than other people are for running into danger. This is reasonably true as far as it goes, but it does not go nearly far enough. It may be roughly laid down that, apart from food and medical stores, the Ordnance supplies every conceivable thing that the Army wants, from a machine-gun to a tea-pot, the latter of which is more correctly described as "Pot, tea, brown, 1 pint."

That statement is as comprehensive as I can make it, but it is miserably inadequate; it cannot convey a hundredth part of the truth to the civilian mind and that for two reasons. First, there are thousands of things that the civilian takes for granted; it does not occur to him that every British soldier has got to have a shaving brush or a towel or a pair of braces, but the soldier has got to have them nevertheless and the Ordnance has to supply him with them. Secondly, there are other thousands of things laid down as necessary to the Army which the civilian has never dreamed of. He may, for instance, think he knows what a wagon is, but let him study the list of its accessories and spare parts, and he will be humbler and wiser. He realises, perhaps, that he is ignorant of artillery, but how ignorant he is he cannot form the remotest conception. These myriad objects are set out in a formidable volume called the vocabulary, and the lists of Harrods and Selfridge and Whiteley must surely pale their ineffectual fires before it.

Of all these things the temporary lieutenant knows nothing when he is first told that he has received a commission and arrives in a somewhat agitated frame of mind to report. Let us accompany him in his first walk through the stores at one of the depôts scattered about the country which supply the troops in their district. He walks through a gate and finds himself inside a vast walled-in area, guarded at various points by sentries. Straight through the middle of this enclosed space runs a broad road and on the road is an agreeable mixture of motor lorries, wagons, recalcitrant mules, swearing drivers and a number of soldiers with papers in their hands, looking helplessly about as if they had lost their way and could not find a policeman. On either side of the road are big warehouses, and opening to right and left out of the road are large squares surrounded by more warehouses. In the squares are vast numbers of wagons of all sorts and sizes and other mysterious vehicles, which he will come to know by such names as carts water-tank, disinfectors spray or kitchens travelling. For the moment he will have to guess at their nature, but may vaguely identify some other things on wheels as having something to do with artillery. He must not be too much astounded to keep a bright look-out, or he may find himself suddenly gasping in the mud under a bale of horse rugs or blankets, for here and there a lorry is drawn up close to a warehouse and one gentleman at an upper window is heaving horse rugs into the lorry, while another and superior gentleman counts them aloud, bale by bale, as they fall.

The temporary lieutenant's fate will, as a rule, be to be attached to one of these warehouses, where he will be instructed by a kind and alarmingly efficient storeholder, with the whole vocabulary at his finger ends. For the moment, however, we may let him wander through the different stores. In each he will be impressed by the airiness and bigness and tidiness, with the really appalling number of the stores, and yet with the amount of room that is left. One foreman on one floor of one storehouse holds sway over 150,000 blankets or so and yet has plenty of room to walk about and survey his empire. One storehouse is like a gigantic ironmonger's shop, a second a saddler's, a third a ready-made clothier's, that could swallow up all Petticoat

Lane. In a fourth the storeholder will say with elaborate indifference, but with a little pride peeping out nevertheless, that in that little pile are nine thousand shovels. And the beauty and skill with which those shovels are stacked is a thing to wonder at. They rise, layer upon layer, perfectly symmetrical, with thin strips of wood between each layer, towering awfully above the beholder. If an amateur were to attempt to stack them, his tower of shovels would soon be a leaning tower of Pisa and someone would be killed, but the man who has made this stack has been doing little else for several years, and in this country of amateurs, as we are told it is, he certainly deserves to be called a professional.

The visitor would feel certain that he was in a colossal shop but for two circumstances. In the first place, there is no sign of money passing—no young lady of abrupt manners and repellent aspect at a cash desk. In the second place, the air of the storeholder and his foreman is not that of the normal shopkeeper. They do not seem at all anxious to press their goods on the customer—sometimes quite the reverse. Such scraps of conversations as these may be heard: "I can't possibly let you have those—No, not if your General himself came and asked for them—No, they're not available—Now, look here, I told you last week you couldn't have them, and it's no good your coming to bother me. I'll let you know when you can have them—Well, I might possibly let you have one—I tell you I can't get them from (name deleted by Censor)—No, no, no, no." The official motto of the Ordnance, which accompanies its ancient and honourable badge of three little cannons and three little cannon balls, is "Sua tela tonanti," but the rest of the British Army has given it an unofficial motto, "Don't let the blighter have it." The visitor may think that the storeholder is acting too strictly up to the unofficial motto, but if he does, he will sometimes be unjust. That storeholder has rarely got enough things in his store to satisfy all the people who want them, and he must not give anybody as much as a tin tack unless he has a proper authority for doing so, that authority being as a rule either a long document called a "Mobilisation Table" or a stout book of Equipment Regulations. Hence he is on his guard against giving anything more than he ought. The customer, on the other hand, if we may so term him, knows little and cares less for authorities; he wants to get everything he possibly can for his battalion or his battery, and he has not got to pay for it. The public does the paying part. Hence if the storekeeper sometimes seems ungracious, the customer is often not very scrupulous and thinks uncommonly little about the public purse.

The fact that no money passes over the counter naturally necessitates a great many paper transactions, and our temporary lieutenant will at first find himself hopelessly lost in a labyrinth of paper. Indents, issue vouchers, receipt vouchers, expense vouchers, intermediate demands, signed and countersigned in every direction and all spoken of by their numbers instead of their names, envelop him as in a cloud. At first he cries out in bitter confusion against red tape, and I must own to a profane and mutinous belief that some business genius could do away with a few of those forms and no one be a bit the poorer. But the beginner comes, as he understands more of the system, to have a greater respect for it.

The complex system of paper, the very fact that everything is spoken of in a mysterious inverted language, unintelligible to the multitude, does make some men use their knowledge of the mysteries for rather obstructive ends. He who knows the equipment regulations by heart is a dour man to deal with. I have even formed a little theory on this point. There are officers of two classes in the Ordnance, one who talk about axes pick, and another who talk about pick axes. The first knows everything that can be known about those instruments, but the second is the man to go to, if you want to get one.

B.

THE HOME DWELLERS—II

BY CHRISTOPHER HOLDENBY, AUTHOR OF "FOLK OF THE FURROW"

"ALONG THE ROAD."

IT was dusk when I came home from work along the road last night. Ted's cottage—Ted was the cowman at a neighbouring farm—was all lit up for the first time for these past three weeks. I could see the figure of an unfamiliar woman outlined against the window as she climbed on to a chair to nail up some black object to obscure the light. Just then heavy footsteps, homeward bound to the village, came towards me. "Night," came the woodman's voice as we met. "Good-night, looks stormy again," I rejoined. "Looks as if we've got some lights ahead"—we are very jealous about each other showing lights in our valley—"Mr. Waring's new cowman, only fetched un to-day, and from Sandyhurst, too, so I ears; first Sandyhurst man to come this way for many a year, I'll be bound, 'night"; and my friend of the darkness passed on. Sandyhurst has an almost feudal reputation, hence the woodman's remark. "All them as lives here works for one man, and as 'e takes the lead, so they follow," I was once told in Sandyhurst.

"As I turned in at my own gate I received another greeting. "Hullo, how are you getting along?" It was farmer Wilks from the other side of the bank. "Nothing under fifty-nine left," I replied, "my only young chap went off last week and he'd only one strong arm—broke the other as a lad." "What! took him too, have they? Not much use to them I'm thinking." I laughed, "Oh, no, we haven't come to that yet, I hope, but he's gone off on a butcher's round in the town, and his last words to his mates were, 'Thank God, no more dirty boots.' He was one of those who had drifted on to the land and now's his chance to drift off it, but it makes things a bit difficult just now," I concluded. "Well, you aren't the only one," came the cheery reply, "I've had three carters in about twice as many months and the third's coming in to-morrow from right away on the border of the Shires. A decent cottage, twenty bob a week and four pound Michaelmas money don't count for anything now. It's another bob or away they goes. Why only last week I was having a walk round with Toner of Welds Farm. We walked out to where they were turning in an old ley, and the ploughman, he wasn't making any too good a job of it. So old Toner, in his blunt way goes right up and thunders out, 'What! can't you plough a straighter furrow 'an that, man?' The chap, he finished off to the headland and then he stood up to Toner; all he said was, 'This ain't the fust bit o' work I've done by a long way, but it's the las' I does for you. Do yer own — ploughin'—and he walked right off then and there, though it were the middle o' the week and he knew he'd draw nothing. Poor old Toner 'll have to mind his ways a bit more now, I guess. He always was a bit rough like, but we've all got to go very gently now, I'm thinking. Well, I must be getting along good-night to 'e."

Next morning my work carried me to another part of the county. The farmer I visited was no more cheerful about the labour prospect. He thought his carter was a bit slow and suggested him getting "a bit of a push on." "Its costing about 1s. an hour at this pace," he expostulated. "Well, then, I'd best be leavin' horse in't stable," was the brief reply and the carter was off. Another farmer friend was congratulating himself that in normal times he had always had the wisdom to employ only deaf old men. "You see, there wasn't quite so much talking, so more work done; and now they're too old and deaf to be affected by what's going on around!"

All through the southern counties, at any rate, agricultural labour is on the move as it has never moved before. Though I now live many counties apart from my old working mates, I had the fortune to pay them a visit last summer. The first person I saw on the ground was the foreman, Ben Harris. After enquiries about "the wife and kiddies," we turned to talk of the fortunes of the gang. "You'll be surprised at the changes, I'm thinkin', and the old faces gone," began Harris. "We've lost thirteen hands all told, ten are fightin' or going out now and it looks as if we'll lose more yet. Two's killed; one, your ol' friend, 'Badger,' he was hit in the Dard'nelles and died at Malta, leaving the wife and five kiddies alone on Vixen's Hill. I think we miss him more than most. Bill Brown, he came home wounded. He is changed, poor chap, he seems quite broken; I think he looks on life very different now—not so much of the 'good nut brown' in it. Ted and Arthur, they've gone to jobs nearer home; Ned, he's gone where he can get a better cottage. There's three stands empty in the village, no one 'll live in 'em now. Everything's a bit different, and when they do get to work on the land, as they've promised, Gov'nment 'll have their hands full. Come and have a bit of a stroll round the old place." Weeds were growing thick where they had not grown for many a year, and there flashed across me in the sunlight the memory of eighteen well worn hoe plates.

There has always been the stream of young men along the white road towards the town; the country's call has augmented that stream. But beyond this, there is a new movement along the road. For the first time those men who have stayed behind

in the village have awakened to the possibilities of going forth. Those who drifted on to the land because they had no initiative now find themselves sought after, and in normal times they would be no great loss to the home dwellers. Those who stayed on the land because it held them and called them have, in many instances, for the first time come to realise their own value. "Wat's all this trouble they be puttin' theyselves to for to get us started men as they calls it?" The just starting of the skilled agricultural workman is perhaps the first public recognition of his national value. I think it will do more than any Labourer's Union to arouse the countryman to demand a proper adjustment of his labour and the conditions under which he is housed. The startling fact remains that agricultural labour is becoming more fluid every day. The man has come to know his worth and seek the highest bidder, and even home and feudal ties are being broken through.

"Whilst wheat be up and stock be dear the farmer can afford to pay"—and no one would discourage labour from seeking and finding its proper level. But how long will these days of unnatural prosperity continue? "I remember," said a friend, intimate with the land, to me the other day, "I remember my father telling me of the first farm he took during the great depression after the war in '15. The day he moved in, the men came to him in a body and begged that he would not lower their wages. They were then getting 7s. a week, but were usually lowered to 6s. in the winter. Yes, and in this prosperous county, too, and not very far from where we stand!" In answer to the query, "Do you reckon you'll get your old labour back?" I often get the following reply: "Ay, of course we shall, I reckons they'll be glad enough to ask for 13s. a week and get it. There'll be more labour 'an we can do with." Of course, it is just this situation that will have to be dealt with, and prevented, if likely to occur. As often as not I am met with a more thoughtful reply, "I don't believe conditions 'll ever be the same, we'll have to give more wages, and I'm not sorry; in many ways it'll be a good thing, but mind, we shall look for more and expect better work. There'll have to be a readjustment somehow." It is this readjustment that will be of such importance and which requires weighing very carefully and impartially.

When the air is full of schemes for settling both unskilled and disabled men upon the land, when the small-holding movement is receiving a severe test, and above all, when the home dwellers are going forth, some never to return at all, others to a changed habitation and condition, it is imperative to look ahead and not use the land as a last hope in an evil situation.

While, in one sense, I welcome this new fluidity of country labour, because I feel it will force national action and take vital problems from the sphere of the political play room, yet I am certain we are losing in this migration of the home dwellers things that will only with difficulty be replaced. I think Mrs. Tabb of Quarry Lane can express it best. "W'y! my 'usband be forty-six year in this parish, 'e was born at Quarry Mill. 'E've worked on nigh every fiel' round about and can tell 'e w'at growed there thirty year back. 'E tol' me 'e knowed this 'ere fiel' since 'e were a lad, 'ad gone a-'arvestin' and picked 'ops 'ere too. 'E tells as 'ow bramblings never did some'ow, and so they planted right through wi' fuggles. Ay, that bit w'ere the trees don't grow so kindly like, e's says never was in 'ops, it used to come with the line of the 'edge and an ol' farm track ran cater-ways. We've bin fourteen year w'ere we bes now, and I says, well, you can work bes' w'ere you's bes' know'd and can go sure w'ere you knows the groun'. There's a deal o' good in gatherin' moss, I says, and moss grows slow. I can't see the use o' all this 'ere movin' about and gettin' lost and not a-knowing w'ere you be." We shall lose all that is implied by the word home dweller; and in the country, where education has not been studied over much, it usually means all the difference between intelligent and unskilled labour. We shall lose that heritage of accustomedness, acquired by a long rotation of slow observation. We shall lose the inherited skill to local usage, so often well chosen through laborious years.

I cannot help looking anxiously along the road which connects up our villages with the great world. Sometimes at Michaelmas one would see the team and wagon doing its infrequent work. To-day it is a common sight to see the wagon loaded with the deal tables, the wooden chairs, the crocks and saucepans, and the counterpaned bundles of household goods debouching from the lanes on to the main road and wending one dare not ask where. To us who have lived in the lanes and have tasted what that weird motley of cottage life heaped on the wagon means, there come very mixed feelings.

The grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea,
And there is traffic in it, and many a horse and cart,
But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me,
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my heart.

But there is another aspect. The home dwellers must come back with a new light in their eyes to revitalise the old life. We may be certain they will need a helping hand to shape things.

"She be a deal brighter than 'er mates these nights," came the soliloquy as my companion gazed up at Venus. Metaphorically, half unconsciously the stockman, the skilled foreman and the wagoner are in the ascendant. It is as the stillness of a frosty evening—twinkle—wink—eyelids are blinking and the world is aroused to its night consciousness—then innumerable,

small paths are momentarily lit up in heaven, there is movement and one knows there are silent, but great happenings. One stands looking upward, listening acutely to every rustle of leaf or stir of bird, expectant of some omniscient revelation of sight or sound, and to the uninitiated it is as if new worlds were born and took their apportioned places in the great organised family.

WHAT SHROPSHIRE HAS DONE FOR THE WAR—III

THIS, the third, article dealing with Shropshire's contribution to the war, by no means makes a complete list of the families represented in the Army. Many names that deserve to be mentioned have had to be omitted because of the difficulty experienced in getting really reliable information to justify inclusion. It is no exaggeration to say that practically every county

also a former Chief Constable of Shropshire. General Atcherley is serving his country in the Army Service Corps.

Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. George Cecil Beaumont Weld-Forester, late Captain of the Royal Horse Guards, son and heir of the fifth Baron Forester of Willey Park, Broseley, is in command of the 2nd Shropshire Yeomanry. Major the Hon. F. H. C. Weld-Forester, a brother,



SIR WILLIAM CURTIS.
3/4th Shropshire Light Infantry.



CAPT. G. L. DERRIMAN.
Died of wounds.



MAJ. H. HEYWOOD-LONSDALE. CAPT. H. C. MEREDITH.
Second in command Shropshire Yeomanry. Leicestershire Yeomanry.



family in Salop is doing its share in defeating the enemy. One short article would have sufficed to mention families who, for various reasons, are not able to assist in bearing the national burden in the field.

Major A. W. Corrie of Park Hall, Oswestry, was formerly an officer in the Shropshire Yeomanry. When the war broke out he was in the Territorial Force Reserve. He is now doing duty with the National Reserve, in company with Colonel R. Heber-Percy. Sir William Curtis, ex-Master of the Ludlow Hounds, is with the 3/4th Shropshire Light Infantry.

The county has lost a popular officer in the person of Captain G. L. Derriman, the Chief Constable, who died of wounds while serving with his old regiment, the Grenadier Guards. Captain Derriman was the only son of the late Admiral S. H. Derriman, C.B. Brigadier-General Llewelyn Atcherley, M.V.O., son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel F. T. Atcherley, 30th Regiment of Foot, of Marton, Salop, was

is serving with the 3rd Battalion (Reserve) Shropshire Light Infantry. Major the Hon. E. A. C. Weld-Forester, another brother, is an officer in the 3rd Battalion Rifle Brigade. He served with his battalion in Flanders, was severely wounded, and is now serving with the 6th Battalion as adjutant. A third brother, Major the Hon. Arthur Orlando W. C. Weld-Forester, M.V.O., who commanded the King's Company Grenadier Guards, afterwards Aide-de-Camp to Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, Viceroy of India, died in London from wounds received in the first battle of Ypres.

Brigadier-General Kenyon, late R.E., trained the Royal Engineers of the 20th Division, and is now C.E. of the 4th Corps in France. His son, Captain Herbert Kenyon, R.A., was in the first landing at the Dardanelles and took part in both evacuations. He is now in Egypt.

Major Henry Heywood-Lonsdale of Shavington and Cloverley, Whitchurch, Master of the North Shropshire



CAPT. W. M. BECKWITH.
Coldstream Guards.



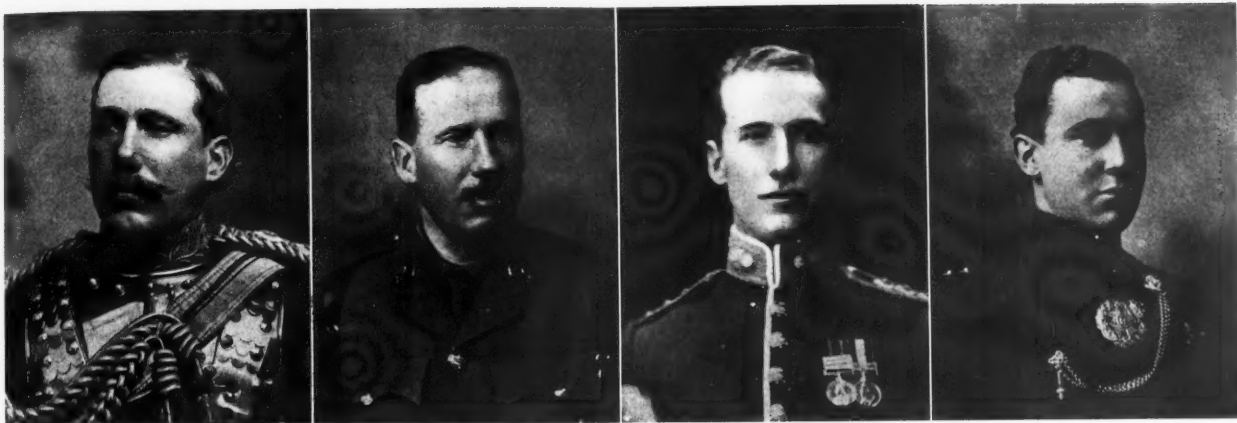
LT. E. OFFLEY WAKEMAN.
Killed at Festubert, May 11th, 1915.



CAPT. OFFLEY WAKEMAN.
Who has been wounded.



MAJ. A. W. CORRIE
With the National Reserve



COL. G. WELD-FORESTER. MAJ. F. H. C. WELD-FORESTER. MAJ. W. WELD-FORESTER. MAJ. E. WELD-FORESTER.
Commanding 2nd Shropshire Yeomanry. 3rd Batt. Shrops. Light Infantry. Died from wounds. Severely wounded in Flanders.

Hounds, and late Captain in the Grenadier Guards, is second in command of the Shropshire Yeomanry. His brother, Major John P. Heywood-Lonsdale, Master of the Bicester Foxhounds, is also in the Shropshire Yeomanry.

The only son of Mr. H. J. Beckwith of Millichope Park, Craven Arms—Captain William Malbisse Beckwith—belonged to the Reserve of Officers. On the outbreak of war he rejoined his regiment, the Coldstream Guards, with which he had fought in South Africa. Captain Beckwith's sports include hunting, polo, shooting, fishing, cricket and golf.

Major Rowland Hunt is a prominent Shropshire sportsman, soldier and politician. He has again given up sport and politics to take his part in the war. He represents in Parliament the Ludlow Division. Major Hunt hunted the Eton College Beagles for two years and also the Trinity College Beagles for a like period. He hunted the Wheatland Hounds for ten years and the Shropshire Hounds for a time. In the South African campaign Major Hunt served with Lovat's Scouts. He is to-day an officer in the corps of London Rough Riders. His son, Lieutenant R. E. B. Hunt of the 3rd Shropshire Light Infantry, is now a flying officer of the Royal Flying Corps, and the latest report concerning him is that he is interned in Holland. Another son, Second-Lieutenant J. Brian Hunt is gazetted to the 16th Royal Fusiliers.

The commissioned ranks of the Shropshire Imperial Yeomanry are mostly held by well known Shropshire sportsmen, principally fox-hunters. In addition to those already mentioned there are Major W. R. O. Kynaston of Hardwicke, Major C. E. Jenkins of Cruckton, Major C. T. Dugdale, Captain H. Chase Meredith (now attached to the Leicestershire Yeomanry), Master of the Ludlow Hounds; Lieutenant D. W. Swire, son of Mr. Swire of Longden Manor, High Sheriff of Shropshire; and Lieutenant R. Plowden of Plowden Hall, Lydbury North, Shropshire, whose brother is also serving in the Territorials. Mr. Swire is County Director of the Voluntary Aid Detachments of the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance, and though acting as Master of the Shropshire Hounds, in the absence of General Sir E. Alderson, he is indefatigable in arranging for the comfort and transport of wounded to hospital. Colonel Curlton, M.D., late County Director, is in charge of the hospital at the barracks and other places.

Captain H. Christie, who belonged to the 20th Hussars, and was Master of the South Shropshire Hounds, has been killed, and Captain W. J. Brooke of Haughton wounded, while Major Parker Leighton, son of the late Mr. Stanley Leighton, M.P. for the Oswestry Division, was severely wounded in the early stages of the fighting.

Lieutenant-Colonel Cecil U. Corbett of the Shropshire Yeomanry has been transferred to the Royal Field Artillery, with the temporary rank of major, and is in France with that branch of the service. His brother Frank is with him. They are the sons of Mr. Cecil Corbett of Stapleford, Bridgnorth. Colonel Wolryche-Whitmore of Dudmaston has two sons in the Army. Lieutenant G. C. Wolryche-Whitmore is in the Shropshire Yeomanry and Second-Lieutenant

J. E. A. Wolryche-Whitmore is in India with the Territorial Battalion.

Towards the end of last May, Sir Offley Wakeman, Bart., of Yeaton Pevery, Shrewsbury, received official news of the death at the front of his son, Lieutenant E. O. R. Wakeman, 1st Grenadier Guards. Lieutenant Wakeman, near Festubert, led a platoon of his company in a successful attack on a ruined farm, but afterwards was shot through the head by a concealed sniper; he was mentioned in despatches. He was employed by the University of Oxford in agricultural research, and afterwards by the Board of Agriculture as a special investigator. He resigned this position in order to take a commission in the Guards. His elder brother, Captain Offley Wakeman (since wounded), belongs to the same battalion and took part in the engagement.

Mr. W. E. M. Hulton-Harrop of Lythwood Hall, Shrewsbury, has lost his eldest son, Lieutenant Hugh Hulton-Harrop, in the war. This officer served in the Boer War and afterwards with the 5th Lancers, retiring in 1904. On the outbreak of war he joined the 1st Life Guards. Mr. Hulton-Harrop has four other sons serving in the Army. A few days before he heard of his son's death he was officially notified of the death at the front of his son-in-law, Major Rowan Robinson.

Colonel Ralph Leeke of the Grenadiers, of Longford, Salop, has lost his son, Captain R. H. Leeke of the Rifle Brigade. Captain C. Ivor Rivers Bulkeley of the Scots Guards, attached to the King's Royal Rifles (reported missing since June, 1915), is a son of Colonel Rivers Bulkeley, C.B., of Whitchurch. Captain T. Rivers Bulkeley, another son, who was on the Duke of Connaught's Staff in Canada, returned to serve in his old regiment, the Scots Guards, and was killed in France. Lieutenant F. B. F. Bibby, 1st Life Guards, is the son of Mr. Frank Bibby (High Sheriff of Shropshire in 1900), Lord of the Manor of Hadnall, and late Master of the North Shropshire Hounds, of Hardwicke Grange, near Shrewsbury. Major W. Tayleur, son of Mr. John Tayleur of Buntingdale, Market Drayton,

who belonged to the Territorial Force Reserve, was early last year gazetted major in the 22nd (Service) Battalion of the Manchester Regiment.

The son and heir of Sir William Rouse-Boughton (Downton Hall, Ludlow), Edward Hotham Rouse-Boughton, is a lieutenant in the 15th (the King's) Hussars, to which regiment he was gazetted in October, 1914. This young officer came of age while fighting at Mons in 1914. Captain Arthur Foster, Royal Horse Guards, has had a leg amputated. He is the son of Mr. William Henry Foster, High Sheriff of Shropshire (1903), of Apley Park, Bridgnorth.

Captain R. O. R. Kenyon-Slaney, Grenadier Guards, is the son of the late Colonel the Right Hon. W. H. Kenyon-Slaney, M.P. He has been wounded in action. His home is at Hatton Grange, Shifnal. Mr. A. E. Darby of Adcote, a large landowner in Shropshire, has lost his only son in action.

Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Dickin of Loppington House, Wem, son of Captain Dickin, is commanding the Special Reserve Battalion of the Shropshires, and Major C. R. B. Wingfield of Onslow, Shrewsbury, is serving in the same



CAPT. T. B. BENSON.
Killed at Neuve Chapelle.

unit. Major Wingfield was Mayor of Shrewsbury in the year of the visit of the Royal Show to that town. He is a prominent sportsman in the county. Major E. R. T. Corbett, late of the 3rd Shropshires, son of Mr. Edward Corbett of Longnor, is engaged in recruiting duties.

Captain D. Leslie (severely wounded) of Bryntanat, Master of the B.O.H., is an officer in the Shropshire Special Reserve Battalion. Mr. Edward Brocklehurst Fielden of Conover Hall, Shrewsbury, has two sons on war service. Captain E. A. Fielden of the 10th Hussars has been wounded. Lieutenant A. N. Fielden is serving with the R.N.V.R. motor-boat patrol.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ellis S. Cunliffe formerly commanded the Special Reserve Battalion of the Shropshire Light Infantry. He is to-day commanding the Territorial Reserve Battalion. His second in command is Lieutenant-Colonel W. C. Pryce, who also belonged at an earlier period to the 3rd Reserve Battalion. Captain (temporary Major) J. Whitaker of Winsley, ex-Master of Albrighton Hounds, is gazetted to the 13th Reserve Regiment Hussars.

Colonel F. Hurt Sitwell, uncle of the present owner of Ferney Hall, is doing duty in the Remount Department. Major Longueville of Oswestry is in the Coldstream Guards, and so are his two younger brothers, Captains Edward and Francis Longueville.

Second-Lieutenant T. M. Lovett, 4th Dragoon Guards, only son of the late Major H. R. Lovett and of Mrs. Lovett, of Henlle, Oswestry, was wounded in August last, in France. Before the war he held a commission in the Shropshire Yeomanry. His uncle, Colonel H. W. Lovett of Dorrington, Shrewsbury, is in command of Queen Mary's Hospital at Roehampton, and another uncle, Mr. Richard Lovett, when war broke out, left his tea plantation in the Straits Settlements, came to London, and, failing to get a commission as quickly as he would have liked, joined the Middlesex Regiment as a private in order to get into the firing line.

Colonel A. H. J. Doyle, now commanding the Depot of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, formerly commanded the 2nd Shropshires. His great grandfather, General Welbore Ellis Doyle, was Colonel of the old 53rd (now 1st Battalion King's Shropshire Light Infantry) in 1796. Colonel Doyle is connected with the county, his mother having been a

daughter of the Rt. Hon. Chas. Williams-Wynn, of the Wynstay family, of Llangedwyn and of Wenlock, Shropshire. Colonel Doyle saw active service in the Afghan and South African wars.

Colonel E. V. D. Pearce, Adjutant of the Depot, King's Shropshire Light Infantry, is also connected with the county, his wife being a sister of Captain Eyton of Eyton, near Wellington, Salop. Captain A. C. Eyton is employed on recruiting duties, and Captain Cotton is similarly employed.

Lieutenant Reginald William Philipps, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Philipps, of Berwick House, Shrewsbury (killed in action), was educated at St. Vincent, Eastbourne, Eton and Magdalene College, Cambridge. He joined the 10th Royal Welsh Fusiliers in September, 1914, and was transferred to the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards in March of the following year, and in August he was serving with the 1st Battalion as Second-Lieutenant and Ensign in the King's Company. He was killed at Vermelles in October last.

Captain T. B. Benson left Sandhurst in 1904 and joined the 2nd Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers. This regiment had been commanded by his great-grandfather, who was killed in Dublin, in Emmet's Rebellion. He was killed at Neuve Chapelle during an attack on the German position on March 12th, 1915. For some months before he died he spent his time off duty playing the organ in a church near his camp. An officer of the regiment, in a letter to his brother, said: "Anyone will tell you of T. B.'s popularity with us all. Everyone loved him. He was perhaps at his best in the terrible days of the fighting at Neuve Chapelle. I remember the night of March 10th, when we were right forward with Germans all round and the regiment all mixed up. He came up to me to say that he had collected a lot of my company and we cheered each other up. He left me and spent the night searching for men in his platoon whom he knew had been hit, bound up their wounds and gave them morphia." Captain Benson was the youngest son of the late Rev. Riou George Benson. His elder brother is Brigadier-General Riou P. Benson, who is serving in Flanders. Captain F. R. Benson and Captain and Adjutant J. I. Benson, both of the Shropshire Yeomanry, are his brothers.

GEORGE BIGWOOD.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

LAST week there was published in COUNTRY LIFE an intimate study of Carmen Sylva, the late Queen of Roumania, from the pen of an old friend. It may not be amiss to follow it with an account drawn from the Queen's personal reminiscences. They appeared originally in German, but were translated into English by Edith Hopkirk, formerly Her Majesty's secretary, under the title of *From Memory's Shrine* (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.), of which a new edition has been opportunely published. It has the double interest of revealing an amiable and highly accomplished personality and incidentally describing that inner life of Germany which the people of this country are only beginning to understand. The writer does not aim at writing or giving a formal and orderly autobiography. After middle life, very few close friendships are formed, and in the sensitive mind those "loved long since and lost awhile" form a cemetery. It is her aim to call back from the shadowy past the figures of the occupants. She does so with an amount of feeling that would be sentimental if it were not so sincere. Looking back is a process to touch the emotions in any case.

The first figure to answer her evocation is that of Clara Schumann, whose life history is very affecting. Her father, a firebrand of the old school, was uncontrollably angry when he learned that his daughter, still in her teens, had given her affections to "a beggarly musician." He challenged the lover's right in a court of law, and on losing turned his daughter out of house and home. "I never saw his face again nor ever heard a word from him." Worse misfortunes lay in store. After ten years of happy married life and motherhood her husband lost his reason, and after an attempt to drown himself in the Rhine was separated permanently from her, as he seemed to have been afflicted with homicidal mania. That was how she was forced to adopt the career of a professional musician. How the friendship with the

great pianist was linked to the writer's engagement to the young Prince of Roumania forms a pretty episode.

In the chapter called "Grandmamma" there is much illumination as to the domestic life of the German nobility. She was not really Grandmother, but her mother's step-mother, second wife to the Duke of Nassau. It was a case of January wedding May, and January took care to let it be known early who was to be head of the house.

That there might be no mistake at all as to the position he intended to assume, the wedding ceremony was no sooner over, and the newly married couple alone in their travelling carriage, than he proceeded to light his pipe, and closing the windows, smoked hard in her face for a few hours, just to see if she would venture to remonstrate or complain!

His conception of married life was that his wife should hold her tongue except when asked to speak, keep in her own room so as to be ready for any duty he imposed on her. When after a good dinner that followed a day's hunting he fell asleep, she had to maintain silence in the room so that his rest might not be broken. For relaxation she was allowed to stand and look on while he played interminable billiards with his Chamberlains. And she submitted because of a very effective training, her father having been accustomed to maintain order in the household by a free use of his riding whip like Black George in Fielding's novel. In 1856, on this unfortunate lady's forty-fifth birthday, her friends discovered that her lungs were diseased and she had not long to live. Such an opportunity of giving a moral object lesson could not be missed.

It was announced that there was no longer any hope and my mother, whose perpetual dread it was that my naturally impulsive nature should gain more and more the upper hand, counting on the solemn impressions of such a scene to sober me for life, resolved to take me with her to the death-bed.

Surely nowhere but in Germany would a mother have thought as hers did. The preparations for the moment of passing were also singularly Teutonic. They remind one of an execution more than anything else.

Through the open door into the boudoir beyond, I could see the old clergyman, Pastor Dilthey, who had officiated both at my mother's confirmation and at her marriage, sitting there in his full canonicals, grave and imposing, waiting to perform the last solemn rites. The room was left in darkness, only the first rays of morning stealing in through the closed shutters flickered strangely here and there, and fell over the old pastor's silvery hair, making his pale serious face look still more grave and pale.

With curious minuteness every incident of the death is recorded. The lady not yet old had believed that four o'clock would be the hour of her passing, and when the clock began to sound it the kind old doctor took her in his arms to ease her breathing and said aloud, "'one more breath!' and then, 'one more!' And again—' and just one more!'" As he spoke the old Black Forest clock struck and all was silence.

Her daughters hid their faces in the pillows to stifle their sobs, and the deep voice of the old pastor rang out in words of solemn prayer. Then the head of the family, the Duke of Nassau, rose to his feet, and stretching out his hand across the sleeping form, called on his brother and sisters to unite with him in the vow, that her dear memory should hold them together in all things henceforth, just as if she were still living in their midst. Their tears fell fast over the still white face, so unmoved in death, as they joined hands with him in answer to his appeal.

We quote all this, opposed as it is to English habits of reticence and privacy, because scenes like it explain how the Kaiser in the manner of his people is so exacting a keeper of birth days and death days.

One of the most charming chapters in the book is that devoted to Fanny Lavater. She came from Hanau, and the account of that place as it was just after the War of Liberation affords a peep into provincial Germany as it once was and is very likely to be again. We see the comfortable and old fashioned house set in its pretty garden of considerable size and

The home in which Fräulein Lavater had grown up, in happy companionship of her brothers and sisters, under the guidance of their excellent mother, was a comfortable old-fashioned house in Hanau, surrounded by a pretty garden of considerable size. A genial and healthy spirit animated the whole household; the inhabitants of the little town prided themselves on the literary and artistic interests which they considered had been wafted over to them from Frankfort, the Frankfort of Goethe's days; they read much, and were fond of meeting together for philosophic discussion as well as for amateur acting. Those were still the good old honest simple times in which living was so cheap that an excellent midday meal, a slice of a roast joint with vegetables, bread and ale, could be had for three kreuzers, and in which young girls made their own simple white muslin ball-dresses, and embroidered them in coloured wools, wearing the same dress contentedly for a dozen dances; and assuredly they looked just as pretty and attractive in their modest attire as do the young women of the present day in the extravagant toilettes on which such preposterous sums are spent, often bringing ruin on a whole family.

We would have liked to quote the whole chapter, but must be content with a single paragraph.



THE PROFESSOR.

After speaking of the colony of French Protestants who took refuge in Hanau as in other German provincial towns, Carmen Sylva goes on:

it is certain that the presence of these foreigners gave Hanau something cosmopolitan, that the tone of thought and feeling which prevailed there was exceptionally liberal and enlightened. Anglophobia had not yet been invented in Germany, on the contrary, one admired and imitated everything English, looking up to the English nation as the most highly civilised of all. This is by no means the only passage in which the Queen of Roumania hints her dislike of the change in German feeling from admiration to hatred of England. It is part and parcel of her kindly disposition. She loved England and was saturated with English literature and tradition. Her chapter on Bunsen and the Prussian Embassy in Carlton Terrace is one of the best in the book.

LITERARY NOTES

AGONIES—LONG DRAWN OUT.

Like Charles II, the wife of King Lear, whose name was Hygd, is an unconscionable long time in dying, but Mr. Gordon Bottomley had to slow down the process because he had much to do before he let her draw her last breath. For the dramatic poem he has written hangs like Atalanta on the thread of a dying woman's life. He had to introduce Lear's three daughters, Regan, Goneril and Cordelia, though the last mentioned does little more than execute "a wailing retreat"—this elegant phrase is from stage directions. He had to bring on the stage a minx whose name is early English for Delilah, a daughter of the horseleech, and make the august King and her go through much unkingly, even ultra-Zolaesque love-making, such as Dunbar in his "Brash of Wooing" allotted more appropriately to a kitchen maid and a lackey, and possibly he felt a ghoulis pleasure in giving details of an old woman's death. The horror is enhanced by contrast. By the deathbed of his queen the king takes the girl on his knee. No wonder Hygd totters, swings, turns, stumbles, tumbles, clings and drags, all in the stage directions of one page. The dramatist did not confine himself to words like these, but describes every horrible detail of her passing and afterwards dwells on the minute acts of those who "straik" the body, or lay it out, the culminating achievement being a song for the louse that crept from her body as its warmth decreased. Poetry? Literature? As much as raw beef is emotion. As well kill an old horse to stir compassion. For what else are these gruesome details save the substitution of the butcher's art for imagination and sympathy? Yet Mr. Bottomley is awarded the place of honour in the volume of Georgian Poetry, 1913-15, and the Editor singles this piece for special compliment. It is a great pity. The encouragement offered to writers of blood-curdling tales—shilling shockers they used to be called—cannot very properly be termed a revival of poetry. Of course, the retort is glib enough, that all things are within the province of an artist. Certainly, but our opinion is based not on the choice, but on the treatment. This is the wrong way; the right way was shown by Shakespeare in his time,

by Andreef in ours. His talent is not dramatic, for his people, with the exception of Goneril, are but labels and not characters. He shows cynical, faulty in his story of the louse.

More artfulness is displayed in the Catholic Anthology—the word Catholic being used with a very odd meaning. In this the Editor leads off with the well known poem by W. B. Yeats, ending:

Lord, what would they say
Should their Catullus walk that way?

But pray who is the Catullus? The first to assume the character is T. S. Eliot, who sings the song of J. A. Prufrock, as:

I grow old . . . I grow old . . .
I shall wear the bottom of my trousers rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?
I shall wear white flannel trousers and walk upon the beach.

And among the others are a goodly proportion of the infirm and worn out. Any merely colourable imitation of Catullus would stand out in that throng. For they gather only to mumble the remaining biscuit of passion in their toothless gums.

THE "STANDARD" AND ITS MAKER.

How astonished the great Victorian journalist and politician would have been if anyone had foretold that the *Standard*, under Mudford the most powerful newspaper in Great Britain, would die in the first quarter of the twentieth century. And all the papers sang the same requiem, in which they chanted the virtue of this and that renowned contributor and forgot the quiet man with the frizzy beard who raised the journal so high that it successfully challenged the supremacy of the *Times*. Mr. Mudford was a retiring man of simple character who knew exactly what he wanted in writing, but never wrote himself. Literature, indeed, had not that place in journalism which it occupies to-day, and nodding Jupiter supplied the material for a majority of those articles which earned for the journal which published them the nickname of the "Saturday Reviler." The *Standard* did not attempt to be brilliant; it was content to be sound. News were sifted before publication. It was not enough that they had come over the wire and were calculated to thrill the public. The Editor tested them for accuracy, which would be considered a great waste of time in these days of hurry-scurry.

Yet it had very able contributors, of whom Alfred Austin, before his ambition soared to the Laureateship, was the chief. I never knew why Mr. Mudford esteemed him so highly, as his prose and verse were by me unreadable. Yet he had the knack of doing a good leader; that is to say, expressing a view or defining an argument that had every appearance of completeness in fourteen hundred words. Byron Curtis was Mudford's *alter ego*, and as long as he confined himself to carrying out the wishes of his superior, was matchless. He had not individuality enough to make a great name for himself as editor, though no man could have been more devoted to his work. To him the *Standard* was the greatest of creations, and so full was he of his importance in regard to it that even in his sub-editorial days he more than once chartered a special train to bring him up from Brighton or wherever he was when he missed the usual one.

CORRESPONDENCE

OUR 1,000th NUMBER.

FROM SIR WHITWORTH WALLIS, *Curator Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery.*

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Sincere congratulations on your thousandth number. There is no paper like *COUNTRY LIFE*—its admirable illustrations, its good range of subjects, and its high standard of literary matter. I have found it most useful in more ways than I can enumerate; in fact, such a journal must have been beneficial in promoting a finer and truer taste in our homes and their contents, not omitting the gardens, greatly due to *COUNTRY LIFE* and the delightful articles therein.

FROM MR. JOHN W. SIMPSON, F.R.I.B.A.

SIR,—Will you permit an old friend to offer his congratulations to *COUNTRY LIFE* on reaching its thousandth number, and to wish it "many happy returns" of such periods in its existence?

"It is for those who have profited by its labours," writes Mr. Avray Tipping, "to say whether it has achieved what it set out to do." I accept with pleasure the friendly challenge. If I have not so profited, I have but myself to blame, for I march in the ranks of a profession which has greatly benefited by the good work of *COUNTRY LIFE*. But the "storehouse of easily assimilated information" of which he speaks is by no means filled, nor ever will be; there remain untold riches for you to garner.

In asserting the pre-eminence of our domestic architecture, another contributor to Vol. XXXIX, No. 1000, Mr. Lawrence Weaver, has penned the very warrant for which his colleague calls; and the claim he makes is abundantly justified. My duties bring me into touch with the architects of all civilised (and some "cultured") countries, men whose views on design and practice differ more largely from our own than we are apt to perceive. They are, perhaps with justice, severely critical of our public buildings and of the prevalent fashion of the "faux classique"; but I have never met one who did not speak with admiration of our domestic work. The simple directness of its design, the curiously unaffected disposition of rooms for convenience and comfort, which yet result in a certain balance of parts; the instinctive placing of voids and solids, and the dexterous adaptation of material—these they envy and cannot rival.

And, when seeking the reason, we must accord to *COUNTRY LIFE* a large share in the result. The pageant of fine subjects finely shown, renewed

week by week, year after year, has stirred a whole society to critical appreciation. Those who would never turn the pages of a technical book have learned something of the beauty of building rightly handled; the great work of our forefathers lies always before them, and they must needs apply its measure to that of living artists. Here, then, is a clear movement forward, benefiting both patron and artist; for the mental standards of the public (which is ourselves, in others' eyes) are set for the most part by unconscious reflex of the familiar, rather than by deliberate comparison. It is after the likeness of the villas he passes daily on his way to the train that man creates the image of the house he will one day build; for these he has learnt by heart, but the excellent simple cottage where he spent his holiday he has forgotten.

So, although you have made the surprising excellence of the views in *COUNTRY LIFE* a commonplace of conversation, it is to the continuity of their issue that I ascribe their real importance in the national life of the country. Accept my compliments, Sir, and "carry on."

WHICH HAS BEEN OUR BEST NATURE PICTURE?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think Mr. Rudd's competition idea quite a good one. Personally, it appeals to me as little as picking out the best sovereign among a heap of newly coined. You have shown such a lot of beautiful things that I should consider it a biased impertinence to pick any one particular print as the best, but it is the sort of thing that appeals to readers.—F. HEATHERLEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think that the idea which your correspondent suggests is a very pleasing one, and if sympathetically carried out the result would be highly instructive. It would further have the advantage of providing delightful hours of recreation for those who took part and were keen enough to turn up their back numbers and so enjoy afresh the wealth of pictures they contain. It would serve another purpose: too often, yet quite naturally, a weekly periodical is scrapped as soon as its hebdomadal successor arrives, but surely the illustrations in *COUNTRY LIFE* should be saved from such a fate—there is more of life and of Nature in a year's pictures from its pages than in many a half dozen natural history books taken down, and dusted, from the library shelves! And this fact would be borne in upon anyone who tried to make his selection. My own decision shall reach you in a week's time—I refuse to hurry such a pleasant task.—BENTLEY BEETHAM.

"SILES" AND "LADDERS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder if the word "sile," meaning to sieve or strain, is in use in connection with dairy work, for it does not appear in ordinary dictionaries, the nearest words being "sieve" and "silt." Years ago one of my earliest delights was to watch the morning's milk siled from the milking pails through the hair or fine wire sile into the milk panchcons both for using and creaming, and I remember how the milk given by three red cows was specially reserved to cream for butter making, for it was an article of faith that the best milk came from red cows. This was many years ago, and I find that now many of the old-fashioned farming life notions are out of keeping and laughed at, though I must say without substantial reason. The proper siling of milk was a most important function and there was nothing more carefully looked after at both morning and afternoon milkings: the morning's the most important. The siling of milk drifted into other mundane matters, and so when there came on a long rain it fairly "siled" down a steady beautiful rain, so different from that of a thunder-rain, the latter fairly teeming down just as the milk was teemed from the pails into the sile. Teeming and siling, though much akin, were two very different operations, the one being a quantity in bulk, the other a quantity distributed in a dribble. The milk sile had two shapes, the one a wide-mouthed tundish or funnel, the other known as a "milk ladder"—a square sieve set between two broad laths so that it could be laid across a panchcon, and this was the most common shape in use. "Siles" and "ladders" are now called "strainers."—SENEC.

SIMNEL CAKES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Swastika," revives an old mother's tale concerning simnel cakes, and I have always been led to believe in the old couple and the dispute between Simon and Nelly regarding the way in which the cooking of the cake should have been done. The name simnel is made out of a compound of Simon and Nelly and so is some sort of evidence as to the origin of the name, simnel. Mothering Sunday was observed in the Midlands to some extent, and seventy years ago Derbyshire lasses at service used to come to see their mothers to have some pap, as was the custom saying. When they returned it was always with a handkerchief in their hands in which was a "simmon-cake," which their mothers had made and baked for the occasion, the cake being "a seed an' curran" one, made very sweet, and often three-cornered, and while on the visit a dish or bowl of frummenty was given to them.—THOS. RATCLIFFE.

PHEASANTS TAMING THEMSELVES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not know whether the following account of pheasants becoming tame, in a rather unusual manner, will be of any interest to your readers. About four years ago a wounded cock pheasant was observed to have taken up his abode in the orchard here, and though he got quite well, he still came every year in the winter. The orchard is a very large, old-fashioned one, with a high wall round most of it, and the far end has gone into a wild state, with brambles and high weeds, so that there is plenty of cover in it. This year he was followed by two other cocks, one of them a very handsome bird, but without a tail—perhaps it had been shot off. They became quite tame, though nothing was done in the way of feeding them to make them so; they were only just left alone to do as they liked. They walked about the flower garden round the house quite openly, and every afternoon, at half past four almost to the minute, they appeared under a weeping ash on the lawn within a stone's throw of the windows and pecked about for a little while before going to bed. The cats would pass them without taking any notice of them, nor did they seem afraid of the cats. Some artichokes were dug one day and left forgotten on the bed; they were found afterwards with only the skins left, the insides were quite hollowed out. Afterwards the growing ones in the bed were treated in the same way. We could not imagine what had done it; it did not look like rabbits or rats, as the ground was only lightly scratched round. But in the end the mystery was solved by finding our friends the pheasants busily engaged there. The crocus bulbs also suffered in the same way, and the daffodil flowers were pecked and damaged, but these offences were forgiven them as they were so ornamental, like gorgeous flowers themselves. A little while ago, when there was snow, the daffodils sticking out of it, and the pheasants pecking at them, made an unusual picture. Perhaps one of the attractions of the orchard to them is the buttercups, which are very plentiful there, as I heard of a pheasant which had been shot having its crop found to be filled with the bulb-like roots of the buttercup. For the past week or so they have not been seen, so I suppose now that spring has come they have gone back to the cover on the down above, from which they must have come, nearly a quarter of a mile away, for the house is surrounded by grass fields.—K. H.

WAR ON VERMIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The letter, signed "L. J. C. M.," among the correspondence in your issue of March 11th, is calculated to do much harm by including among the vermin to be ruthlessly destroyed—the owl. Happily, it can, I think, be safely assumed that the larger number of your readers are more enlightened as to the very substantial benefits conferred on farmers and game-preservers alike by these birds, which, for every chicken or young game-bird destroyed, kill large numbers of rats, mice, voles, etc. It is strange that in these days a presumably educated person should be so ignorant, and I am rather surprised that you published the statement without dissent.—FRANK WEARNE.

[Of course, we are absolutely against any destruction of owls. They are most useful and most interesting. But the question has been raised whether the introduced Little Owl is not destroying the eggs and young of small birds. We would like to hear some opinions on this point. The Little Owl has increased enormously and its diminished size does not prevent it from being very aggressive.—Ed.]

LETTERS FROM A FORWARD OBSERVING OFFICER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The infantry are chiefly responsible for the men who creep about at the immediate back of the front, but you occasionally meet a group like one of my sketches. It is a fatigue party of gunners carrying the materials for building an observation post. These places are usually put up with a rush—I have built and slept in one the same night—so the design has to be carefully thought out before. The man in the middle is carrying corrugated iron on his head, and the little man on the right, who has just gone into a submerged shell hole, is the battery fitter—a dismal character and the father of nine children, but a good worker under the worst conditions. He murmurs complaints most of the time, but the others rarely say anything, and when back at the battery dress philosophically in blankets till their clothes are dry. It gives them a walk, which is a change from their cramped and subterranean life at the gun position.



BATTERY SIGNALLERS AT WORK.

The other sketch shows two of the battery signallers in a trench not far from the front, inspecting a telephone wire. They go all about the area which receives the heaviest shelling and are expected to mend a wire anywhere and during whatever is happening. Their life becomes quite a family one, and slightly aloof from the ordinary gunners, for the mere transmission of orders over the telephones produces a semblance of authority. They divide themselves into shifts, and are more or less permanently on duty, as a wire may be broken any minute and the linesmen called out to mend it. They are always with the Forward Observing Officer, who for hours on end sees no one else.—X.



RAISED BY HAND.

Hampton Turner of Rooksnest as being with the 7th Suffolks. He went out to France with them, but soon after his arrival he was transferred to his old battalion, the 2nd Suffolks, and got his majority. I regret to say on October 1st he was killed in action. I am sending you this slight addition, as I have noticed you have made similar corrections.—RICHARD M. HAMPTON TURNER, The Crossways Ranch, West Summerland, Okanagan Valley, B.C.

[It is pleasant to notice that our articles on what the English counties have done in the war are followed in Western Canada.—ED.]

WHAT SOUTH WALES HAS DONE FOR THE WAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should like to add some more names to those who are serving from South Wales. In Pembrokeshire, Major G. Protheroe-Benyon of Trewern, who was recruiting officer at Llanelly shortly after the declaration of war, is second in command of the 2nd Line of Pembrokeshire Yeomanry. His elder brother, Captain D. G. Protheroe, is also serving in the same regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel Lloyd Philipps of Dale Castle is serving in the Royal Garrison Artillery as fire commander at Gibraltar. Two sons of Mr. H. Warren Davis of Trewarren are serving, and his eldest son, Lieutenant H. Warren Davis of the 1st Welsh who was mentioned in despatches, was killed near Ypres in a bombing attack while attempting to rescue a wounded comrade. The eldest son of Mr. Richard Penn of Camrose, Mr. C. L. W. A. Penn, is serving in the Pembroke Yeomanry, and the second son, Mr. J. R. P. Penn, in the Royal Engineers. Three sons of Mr. Evan D. Jones of Pentower are serving: Captain C. H. Jones in the 11th Welsh Fusiliers, and Lieutenant T. B. Jones and Mr. E. D. Jones in the 9th Royal Fusiliers. In Cardiganshire, Sir Edward Parry Pryse of Gogerddan went to the front with the 9th Welsh Regiment, and is now on the Staff, and his brother, Major George R. Pryse, has been serving with the 1st Line of Welsh Horse in Gallipoli, and Second-Lieutenant P. L. Pryse is serving in the 3rd South Wales Borderers. Mr. Charles Lloyd of Waunifor has lost two sons, Lieutenant Duncan J. B. Lloyd of the 15th Gurkha Rifles, who fell on August 14th, when in command of the 6th Gurkhas, and Mr. Gwion L. B. Lloyd of the 15th Dorsets,



THE HON. G. S. BAILEY.
Killed in action.

MY TAME OWL.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph will perhaps be of interest to some of your readers. This barn-owl, when full feathered, was taken from a nest containing three young ones and built in the hollow trunk of a hawthorn tree, near a cricket pitch. It was put into an improvised cage and placed in the village school-house yard and fed on meat until full grown. It was then found to be so tame that it would perch on the hands and shoulders of the school children without attempting to fly away, and was known as "Meg," the school pet. The photograph was taken while perching on the hand of a school teacher.—Z.

WHAT SURREY HAS DONE FOR THE WAR.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In your issue of January 15th, under "What Surrey has done for the War," you mention Captain C.

who fell when leading his company on August 7th, after the landing at Suvla Bay. On Lieutenant D. Lloyd's grave by the shore a wooden cross was set up with his name and regiment, and the inscription, "A gallant soldier."

In Glamorganshire, Lieutenant-Colonel Prichard of Pwllyrach is in command of the 3/1st South Wales Mounted Brigade, and his youngest brother, Commander H. T. Prichard, is in command of destroyers in the North Sea. Another brother, Mr. B. C. Prichard, enlisted in a Public Schools' battalion of the Fusiliers. Lieutenant-Colonel Henry W. Benson, D.S.O., raised and commanded the 14th Welsh Regiment, but was unable through ill health to accompany them abroad; and Captain John Penrice Benson of the 1st East Surreys was severely wounded when leading his company at the Condé Canal, and died August 24th, 1914.

In Carmarthenshire, Mr. Ivor E. Campbell-Davys is a lieutenant in the Glamorganshire Royal Horse Artillery, and Mr. M. L. W. Lloyd Price of Bryn Cothe and Castle Pigyn has lost his only son, Mr. Lloyd Owen Lloyd Price, who gave up a mining partnership in Northern Rhodesia, and sailed for England with the first South African contingent, the first of all Colonials to land here. He joined the King's Royal Rifles as a private, and on January 19th, 1915, a call for ninety volunteers was made to storm a strong position on a railway embankment near La Bassée. Mr. Lloyd Price volunteered, and when last seen he was facing over a dozen Germans. It has since been learned that he was then killed.—M. J.

[The late Hon. Gerald Bailey was mentioned in our issue of February 19th, and his portrait is now reproduced.—ED.]

DRAUGHT OXEN IN THE CAMPAGNA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Recent pictures from Italy have been of such a very warlike character that I thought this peaceful scene, taken in the Roman Campagna, might be welcome. The group, with the mouse-coloured animals in the sunshine against the grey-green foliage of the olives, made a delightful picture. The slow pace of the oxen does not worry the easy-going peasants, but it is to be wished that they would find some better method of harnessing their teams. The nose ring and the yoke strap, of course, are necessary, and also something to prevent the animals getting their horns under the pole; but, as



SLOW BUT SURE.

can be seen in the photograph, these poor beasts have a rope going round both horns and the pole which prevents them moving their heads either to or fro, and another tied tightly round the base of the horns and passed over the pole so as to prevent any up or down motion. Apart from the misery which they endure from flies, it seems to me that restricting their movements in this way must impede their exertions.—M. D.

CURIOUS INN SIGNS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I happened to find a copy of COUNTRY LIFE for February 5th left in my dug-out, and noticed a letter from Mr. Arthur O. Cooke with regard to an inn sign, Five Alls. He states that he has seen a Five Alls somewhere. There is a Five Alls Inn at Marlborough, Wilts. I, too, cannot recollect what the fifth "All" is. My address is, Captain L. W. Crouch, 1st Bucks Battalion, British Expeditionary Force.—L. W. CROUCH.

A DECOY FOR WOOD PIGEONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A correspondent of yours wishes for a plan for a decoy for wood pigeons. Herewith is a rough sketch which we found good. To hold a decoy pigeon the wings are bound to the body with thread. It is placed in D and point A is stuck under the beak in a natural position. Point C is stuck into the ground. Choose a place between two woods where the pigeons fly from one to the other; make a shelter for the gun with branches shaded with straw about 5ft. high, like a straw heap.—C. CHALONER.

